

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 178.—VOL. VII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

MISSING PEOPLE AND DEFAULTERS.

Our New Undertaking.

Our new enterprise has met with the most marked and decided approbation. We have received letters from all parts of the country approving of our course, and commenting upon the public benefit which it cannot fail to secure.

We are gratified with this prompt approval, because our earnest endeavors have ever been to render our Illustrated Newspaper not only amusing and interesting, but useful to that great public which so liberally sustains us in our extensive and costly enterprise.

As to the perfect, the life-like accuracy of our portraits, the following letters speak so authoritatively that we need no other endorsement:

Office of the General Superintendent of Police, 413 Broome street, corner of Elm.

New York, April 21st, 1859.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—My Dear Sir—The perfect success you have made in transmitting to your Illustrated Paper the likenesses of missing persons, has secured to you not only the eternal gratitude of the friends who are immediately interested, but also the approbation of the entire community, for supplying a medium through which a knowledge of lost ones can be traced.

The exact truthfulness with which you have portrayed these likenesses, and placing them on the first page of the paper, will, I have no doubt, subject them to the inspection of at least one million persons within one month from the time of their publication. I have received from Mrs. Harrington and also from James L. Mingle, Chairman of the Yeager Committee, attestations of the entire correctness of the likenesses you have published. Yours truly,

SAMUEL BREVOORT.



FELIX SANCHES, MISSING SINCE JAN. 6, 1859.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY KIMBALL & COOPER.

EXTRACT from a letter to S. Brevoort, Esq., from James L. Mingle, Chairman of the Yeager Committee:

"We have no tidings of Mr. Yeager. The likeness in Leslie's is a faithful likeness. Yours, &c.,

"JAS. L. MINGLE,
"Easton, Pa."

Office of the General Superintendent of Police, 413 Broome street, corner of Elm.

New York, April 21, 1859.

\$500 REWARD.

FELIX SANCHES HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE
JAN. 6, 1859.

He is accused of murdering his father-in-law, Harman Curron, at No. 154 Sullivan street, on that day. A slight altercation occurred between him and his wife, the mother-in-law interfered, and Sanches, seizing a sword cane, stabbed her, his wife and his father-in-law. The latter died, but the other inmates of the house were afraid to give the alarm for six or seven hours, and during this time Sanches effected his escape.

He is about twenty-four years of age; five feet nine inches high; stout built, high forehead, full over the eyes; his eyes are hazel, small, deep set and piercing; his mouth is large; his jaws projecting; his cheek bones high; his chin sharp; and two of his upper front teeth are gone. The mother of Sanches is said to have been born a Cuban slave; his father, a very wealthy planter.

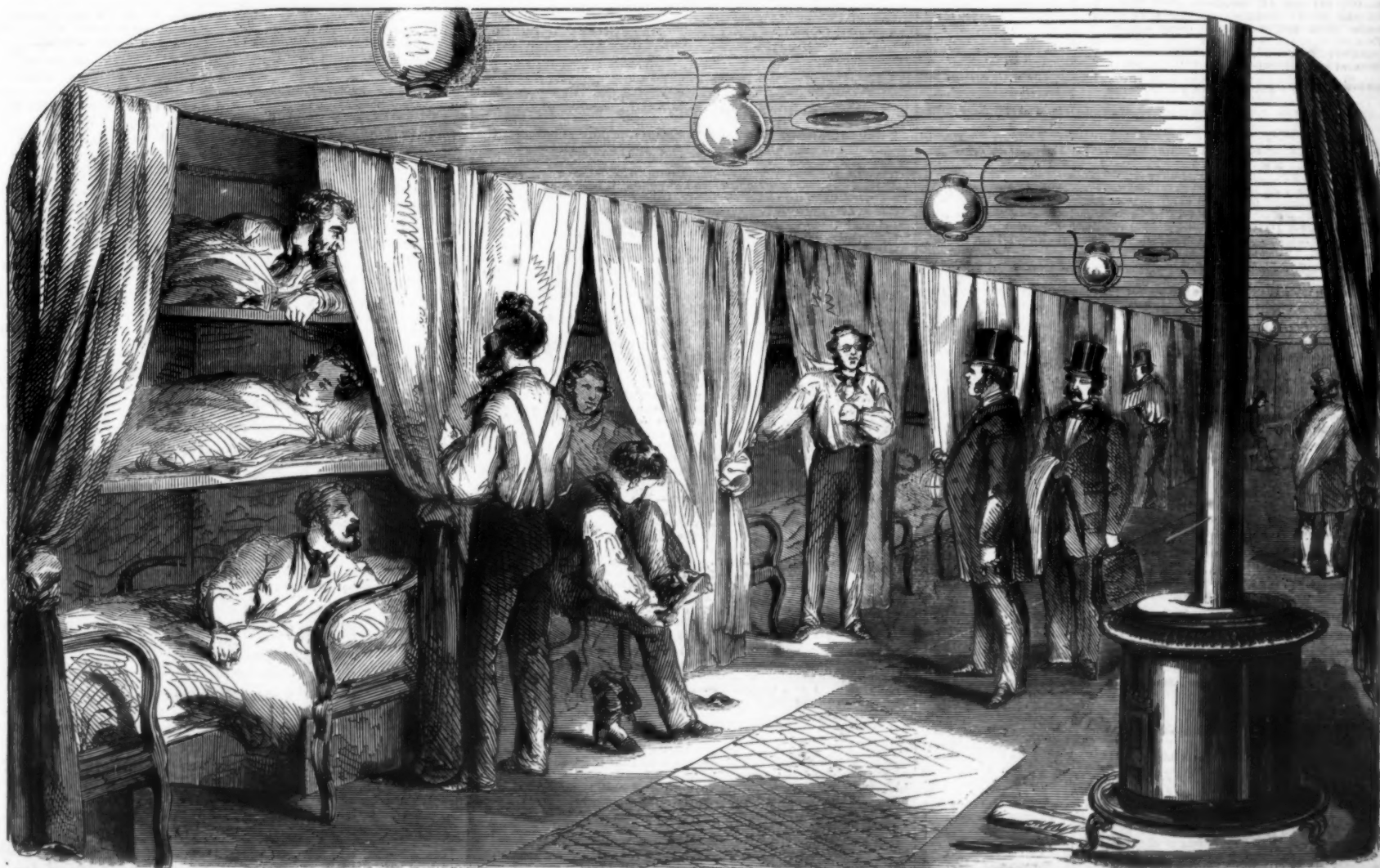
SAMUEL BREVOORT.

The above description is entirely correct.

DANIEL CARPENTER,
General Superintendent of Police, *pro tem.*

We would say, emphatically, to those parties who purpose sending us portraits and information of missing individuals, absconders, &c., that the documents must be duly authenticated and attested either by the Mayor or the Chief Police Authorities of the place. We cannot insert any communication under any other conditions.

(Continued on next page.)



SLEEPING CARS NOW IN USE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—SEE PAGE 336.

POSTSCRIPT.

Missing People and Defaulters.

ARREST OF JACOB S. HARDEN.

ONE of the results of our new movement is the arrest of Jacob S. Harden, near Wheeling, Virginia, by Smith McDonald, of that city.

Of the perfect faithfulness of the portrait, the following extract from a letter received from Alpheus Cyphers, Esq., of Washington, Warren county, New Jersey, speaks in unmistakable terms:

"The admirable likeness you gave of him was instantly recognized by his acquaintances, and acknowledged to be a good fac simile of the original.

Yours truly,

"ALPHEUS CYPHERS.

"FRANK LESLIE, Esq."

SLEEPING CARS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

In days gone by travellers might well have imagined that it was the object of the proprietors of public conveyances to render them as uncomfortable as possible. Now, at least in this country, it appears to be quite the reverse.

Formerly travelling, amongst other inconveniences, implied a total abstinence from sleep, or if indulged in, it was in such an uneasy posture that the sleeper awoke more fatigued than before. Now American ingenuity has invented a sleeping car, which is in use on several of our long lines, in which, for a small increase in the fare, the traveller may enjoy his natural rest, and yet not be retarded in his journey.

Our illustration was drawn from one of the cars in use on the northern branch of the New York Central Railroad, on which line sleeping cars are attached to every night train. The cars may be used as ordinary day ones, but at night two shelves are let down from the ceiling, and a third shelf is formed by letting down the backs of the seats. On each of these mattresses and bedding are placed, curtains closely drawn up during the day are let down, and the whole forms a very comfortable sleeping-place about the size of a ship's berth.

We are glad to see that some of the railroad companies have adopted these cars. It is a step in the right direction, which will, without doubt, be soon followed by the directors of other railroads. In a pecuniary point of view it will certainly be profitable, as without calculating the income from the increased travel which always follows improvements, every traveller would gladly pay an increased fare for the accommodation.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

How the Mississippi is Tapped.—The origin of most of the breaks or crevasses in the levee on the Mississippi is curiously local. These little pests commence on the river front of the levee and work through either into the ditch or into the air on the land side of the levee, making a hole from one to two inches in diameter, which by the friction of the water is enlarged, if neglected, until the levee by its own weight caves in. The mode of arresting the work of these diggers has been to make a complete line of planking on the outside of the ditch, the planks being set up perpendicularly; the earth is piled against the planks on the land side, forming a proper slope, and the planks are braced inside, and earth, with bagasse, filled in between the planks and the main levee. The water rises between the planks and the main levee, and the acid of the bagasse stops the working of the crawfish.

A Desperate Fight in a Railroad Car. took place, last week, on the night train of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, a short distance above Wellsville, in which one man was shot in the leg and another beaten so badly that he had to be carried out and medical aid called. A Captain Moore was occupying a seat by himself, when a farmer, living in the vicinity of Elcan's Station came up, and either trod upon or kicked his leg, probably unintentionally. Mr. Moore raised up and made some offensive remark, to which the other replied in the same tone. A cross-irring of words continued until the farmer, in answer to some epithet, struck Mr. Moore, when the latter drew a pistol and fired twice at his assailant, lodging two balls in his thigh. At this point one or two of the passengers, including the man that was shot, pitched into Moore and beat him most unmercifully, mutilating his face and person without stint.

The Manner in which a Yankee was Robbed in New York.—About a week ago, Frederick Leonard, of Boston, complained to the detective police that, at a performance of a circus in Williamsburg, his job pocket was cut open, and all his money, about \$1,350, in bills, was abstracted therefrom. Captain Walling examined the pocket that the money had been taken from, and as the inside portion was cut about half an inch longer than the outside, the Captain thought Leonard knew more about it than anybody else. He questioned Leonard closely, as to whether the money was his own, but Leonard stoutly protested that the money was the proceeds of a sale he made of some horses of his own. The Captain merely recorded the robbery on his books, and Leonard departed. On Saturday last, a gentleman named Morton called at the detective office and said he belonged in Boston; and that he had entrusted Leonard with a horse worth \$1,000 to sell, and seeing the item in the newspapers that Leonard said he had been robbed, he was afraid it was not all right. An officer was immediately dispatched after Leonard, and it was learned he left for Boston on Sunday night. A telegram was dispatched to the police of Boston, to arrest Leonard, and just as he stepped off the cars, Captain Taylor, of the sixth district of Boston, arrested him. On searching Leonard, \$784 were found concealed in his stocking. It is said he confessed cutting his pocket, and accordingly settled with Mr. Morton, and was released from custody.

Branch on a Bender.—The redoubtable Stephen is travelling on his mule, and thus writes to the New York Sun from Philadelphia: "The streets of this pious city resemble those of London and Paris, and the pretty little village of Brandon, where the little Georgy first beheld the milky mule. The air this morning is as mellifluous as in the Isle of Java, where mortals only contaminate the atmosphere. The modest and bewitching Quaker virgins are prancing gracefully on Chestnut street, and I almost envy the leering gallants by their side. I visited the grave of Franklin in the evening twilight, and was impressed with emotions that only the mounds of Washington and my father would inspire."

I am on my way to Baltimore and Washington, to enapture the Southerners with a lecture, on the 'Sublime and Ridiculous.' While on the 'Sublime,' I shall appear in the attire of Goldsmith and Romeo. And while on the 'Ridiculous,' I shall wear the costume of a Quarry Convict and Alexander Selkirk. The late Thomas H. Benton, Edward Everett and myself copyright our star lectures, lest the reporters display them before the world, and thus block our game, and spoil our dimes. But I shall be more liberal than Thomas and Edward, and allow the reporters as much latitude and longitude as I enjoyed in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, for an alleged libel on a Mayor, who bears the keys of Peter, and enters the dens of lions, and wears the mantle of Luther. I shall appear but once before the Baltimoreans, as the Washingtonians and Virginians await my advent with trembling solicitude."

A Female Robinson Crusoe.—Mr. Kellogg, of the Chicago Herald, has received a letter from Racine, giving an account of the rescue of a young lady named Richardson—who was cast away on an island in Lake Superior, three years ago. The letter states that she was a passenger on board the schooner Oselle, Marvin master, and that she was on her way to meet her affianced husband, when the vessel was wrecked on the shore of the island alluded to, and she was the only person saved. She has remained there three years in all, subsisting upon the provisions that were thrown ashore from the wreck by the waves. She is now on her way to Cleveland, where she will be received as one risen from the dead.

A Sharp Game.—Some few weeks ago a broker doing business in New Canal street was called upon by a gentlemanly-looking man, who stated that he was in possession of a large quantity of gold dust, worth nearly five thousand dollars, some of which had been stolen, and wishing to rid himself of it as soon as possible, would sell it for nearly one-half its value. He at the same time exhibited a small quantity of gold dust, which the broker at once saw was the Simon Pure, and was no little over anxious to strike a bargain for the dust. Two thousand five hundred dollars was finally offered and accepted, and it was not long before the supposed gold dust was delivered to the broker. He at once weighed it, and finding its weight to be correct, the money was then paid over to the stranger, who, bidding the broker "good-bye," soon left. The broker had not been alone over half an hour, when another man called, representing himself as a policeman, and exhibiting a shield, informed the broker that he knew that he was in possession of a large quantity of stolen gold dust, and that he must consider himself under arrest. The broker became so alarmed that he at once made every sort of offer to hush the matter, and finally induced the supposed policeman to accept the sum of eight hundred dollars, and which was paid over to the officer in one hundred dollar bills. The broker then concluded it would be best to dispose of the gold dust as soon as possible, and on the following day attempted its sale, but found, to his utter astonishment that the gold dust turned out to be nothing more than copper filings. This was too much for him to stand, and he soon set out for the police headquarters, in order to report the policeman to whom he had paid the \$800. His story was soon told to the Deputy Superintendent, who had the members of the detective force and other officers paraded up before the unfortunate broker, but the mysterious policeman could not be found. On Tuesday a well-known character and a stool pigeon for one of the detectives was arrested by two of the

detective force as the man who had sold the bogus gold dust to the broker. On Wednesday he was conveyed before a police justice, and, as predicted by one of the detectives, during the morning the accused was discharged, as the proof in the cause could not be sustained. The case certainly requires further investigation by the Commissioners, for there is no getting over the fact that the man whom the broker paid hush money to prevent his arrest was either a policeman, or that some member of the department loaned his shield to carry out the above object. In the latter case, which is most probable, he must have come in for a portion of the spoils.

Death of an Actress.—We regret to announce the death of a lady well known to fame both as an actress and author. Mrs. Frank Wright, whose recent divorce from her husband, Dr. Wright, of Baltimore, is fresh in the public mind. Some two years ago she published a volume which displayed much promise, and was warmly welcomed by the press. Louise Reeder was a native of the city of New York, and born in January, 1837; she died on the 6th April, in New Orleans, from injuries received from the bursting of a champagne lamp. She was a very facile writer both of prose and verse. As she was dying she sent for a Catholic priest, and was admitted into the bosom of the Romish Church. Peace to her ashes. She was young, fair, unfortunate and full of genius. Let that be her epitaph.

Death of Billy Bowlegs.—The following is furnished by the last Fort Smith (Ark.) Times. We learn from Mr. George M. Aird, who arrived from the Seminole country, that Billy Bowlegs died suddenly at the house of John Jumper, on Friday, the 11th of March. There were great lamentations and loud wailings among his people, the Seminoles. The late emigrants had not arrived in the country at the time of Bowlegs' death. Mr. Aird met Colonel Rutherford with them about forty miles this side of the Seminole country. They will therefore be deprived the privilege of meeting their old leader and chief. Thus has passed away one who has been a terror to the settlers of Florida, and one of the greatest chiefs and Indian warriors of the present day.

Homicide at East New York.—A man named Dennis Kennedy was brought to the City Hospital some days since, in consequence of injuries received on the night of the 11th of April, at his residence, near East New York. He lingered until Monday night, when he died. It appears that some five or six men came to his house in the night after he had retired, and, inducing him to go outside, commenced beating and kicking him in so brutal a manner as to fracture his skull, and inflict other injuries to such an extent that he was left for dead upon the ground. He was taken to his residence and subsequently conveyed to the City Hospital, where he remained in a state of delirium till he died, and unable in the meantime to give an intelligible account of the affair. He was a laborer employed on the water works, and as stated, was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and had numerous difficulties with his fellow-workmen. It is supposed that it was some of these who committed the outrage out of revenge. Two men have been arrested on suspicion, but both are ready with proof to show that they were in another locality at the time. The wife and daughter saw the assailants, but are unable to identify them. A post mortem examination of the remains was made by order of Coroner Horton, and an investigation into the circumstances will be commenced, when all the facts will be inquired into. The parties arrested remain in custody meanwhile to await the result.

Something Like a Frenchman.—We were told a story the other day which places the eloquence of Mr. —, the distinguished Baptist minister, in a higher light than we ever have seen it before. It appears that one of his congregation recently lost a very elegant prayer book—whereupon the reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon against stealing. Next day the penitent thief sent the stolen volume back with an apology for his mistake. When this reached the ears of an honest butcher in Thirty-third street, he went to the clergyman and asked him what he would charge for preaching a powerful sermon against pig stealing, as some fellow had walked off with two fine fat porkers only a week before. The worthy parson laughed. "My good friend, they can't return that—it's eaten long ago!" "But," answered the butcher, "they might have salted some of it!"

A Warning to Serenaders.—A young gentleman of a musical turn of mind one night serenaded his Dulcinea, and abetted therein by a party of deluded friends. Next day he visited the serenaded fair one. "Her eyes," he says, "betrayed the fact that she had passed a sleepless night, and, with a palpitating heart, we tendered our hypocritical sympathy. 'Oh, Mr. —,' yawned the lady, 'there was such a noise in the street last night! Some policemen were taking an intoxicated colored man to the station-house, and he screamed and swore so dreadfully, just as they came in front of our door, that the whole neighborhood was aroused. The policeman seemed to expostulate with him in vain, and it must have been an hour before they could get him away!' Just then the girl remembered that he had a sick friend near by, and went to see him at once. He says that he has never sung a note since."

The Fourteenth street Poisoning Case.—Our readers will recollect that this inquest was postponed for a fortnight to enable Dr. Boteman to prepare his report of the analysis of the remains of Fayette Robinson, who died from the effects of a breakfast prepared by Margaret Burke, the Irish servant at Mrs. Beetham's boarding-house. The inquest reassembled on the 20th April, when Dr. Boteman testified that the cause of Robinson's death was arsenic. The coroner then read a letter, duly attested, from Dr. Theodore S. Christ, of Pennsylvania, to the effect that at the request of Mrs. Beetham he once bought six cents worth of arsenic in Fourth avenue, and gave it to her. Mrs. Beetham told him she wanted it to kill rats, which were very troublesome, and she had often used it before. The coroner also said there was some information that a physician in the house last winter had a solution of arsenic, used for anatomical preparations, but he could not learn definitely what became of it. Under these circumstances, and there being a bare possibility that the arsenic might have got into the coffee or sugar by accident, the jury then retired.

After about half an hour's deliberation, the jury rendered the following verdict: "We, the undersigned, the jury duly impaneled to inquire into the cause that produced the death of Mrs. Emily Beetham and Mr. Fayette Robinson, late of 50 East Fourteenth street, after hearing the evidence and duly considering the same, do find that the deaths of the afore-said Emily Beetham and Fayette Robinson were caused by arsenic, but by whom said arsenic was administered is to this jury unknown."

After the verdict had been read, the coroner told Margaret Burke that she might now speak to her sister, and she crossed the room and held an earnest conversation with her in a low tone.

After a brief consultation with Mr. Butman and some other gentlemen, the coroner turned towards Margaret and said, "Margaret, after this verdict, you are at liberty. You can go where you please."

Margaret rose, her face beaming with joy. "Thank your honor," she said, and started out of the room. She was recalled to get her pawn-tickets and some other articles taken from her pockets at the time of her arrest, and then went away accompanied by her sister. The verdict seemed to surprise all who heard it.

The Mysterious Hand.—Is it Mrs. Brennan's?—There is a grass-plot, four or five feet wide, about the house, No. 14 Irving place, on the corner of Fifteenth street. On Tuesday afternoon, the children who were at play in the street were startled to see, on the grass, a brown paper parcel, torn enough to disclose human fingers and the back of a hand. The finger nails were fully half an inch long. Under the nails the flesh was lightly discolored, but not so much as usual in natural death. The fingers were long and taper and clenched, the two smaller ones tightly, the fore and middle fingers hooked. The thumb was covered with the paper, but enough of the back of the hand and arm was visible to show that it was the arm of a woman, and very much attenuated. It seemed to have been separated about midway between the elbow and the wrist. There was no blood to be seen. A crowd gathered about it; a waiting man came out, picked it up with another piece of paper, said it was not worth looking at, called to a man, who had a calico parcel under his arm, to take it away. He took it, and walked down Irving place to Fourteenth street, thence eastward. There appeared to be no special reason why the calico parcel man should take it away. This suggests the case with which a body might be disposed of, by cutting it up and distributing it in parcels wherever it might be convenient to throw them away.

A Colored Mine.—On Saturday, the 2d inst., Madison Gwaltney, of Surry county, Virginia, ploughed up a bottle containing curious descriptions of silver and gold coin, amounting to about three hundred dollars. On Tuesday following, another bottle, containing about the same amount, was brought to light. We have seen three of the pieces. One was an English gold piece, one a Spanish pillar dollar, and the third was a cut piece of silver with the pillars stamped on it, worth about a dollar. The pillar dollar was dated 1783. There is a legend in Surry that seven bottles containing money were buried about 1812 by a miserly old negro. We conjecture the earth will be well ransacked thereabout for the remaining bottles.

Cheap and Innocent Murder.—The good people of Newburgh amused themselves in a harmless way on Saturday evening last. Being incensed at what they considered the unfair and unparliamentary course taken by Speaker Littlejohn in smothering the Highland county bill, the Newburghers made up an effigy of that officer, which they first suspended on a gallows and then committed to the flames. A crowd of some three or four thousand persons assembled in the public square to behold the execution, and the whole affair was conducted with the dignity of an official murder. No doubt the good people of Newburgh derived a grim satisfaction from thus hanging and burning Speaker Littlejohn; but they did not thereby secure Highland county, nor, we imagine, have they hurt Mr. Speaker Littlejohn; for that gentleman has been hanged and burned in effigy before.

Human Ducks.—The Chicago Herald gives the following remarkable instance of the depravity of ducks: "The vicinity of Heyworth, in this county, is somewhat celebrated for the immense number of ducks which congregate there every spring. A gentleman who lives there informs us that he and his neighbors have lived on duck flesh so long that they have some fear of becoming web-footed. A man named Ben Taffe fatigued himself so much by loading his gun and killing ducks with fine shot, that he concluded to see if he could not kill them with coarse whiskey. With that object in view, he came to this city and bought a gallon of what is known by hard drinkers as 'sure death round the corner.' He took it home, soaked a lot of corn in it, and left the whiskey and the consequence was, that they became dead drunk in a few minutes. They did not recover from their first drunk until Mr. Taffe twisted their heads from their bodies. About fifty of them were victimized in less than an hour."

Sanguinary Affray in Louisville.—The spirit of bloodshed seems lately to have become quite rampant in several of our large cities. At Louisville, on the 17th of April, about five o'clock, officers Tiller and Sale met John Pender, a flatboat pilot, who was in company with Alexander Gilmore, John McGill and Tobey McDonald. The two parties soon fell to blows, and Pender

and Gilmore both drew pistols, firing upon and slightly wounding Tiller. The officers finding that they were outnumbered, called upon a man named Hercules Walker, who came to their assistance armed with a double-barrelled shot gun. Sale then summoned Pender to help him arrest Gilmore and McDonald. Instead of obeying him, he levelled a pistol at Walker, who at once discharged his gun, killing him instantly. A general melee ensued, and shots were freely exchanged. Walker was wounded twice in the leg, and Gilmore received a ball in the leg and another in the arm, while a third grazed his forehead. William Watts, a spectator, was also slightly wounded. Another man received a stray shot in the mouth. It is thought that the wounded men will all recover. McGill and McDonald are under arrest, but Walker, who acted under the direction of the officers, is still at large. Next day evening William Gilmore was shot by officer Charles Sale, on Jefferson street, opposite the Frankfort Railroad depot, but not dangerously wounded. One buck shot entered his right jaw, another his neck, a third his thigh, and a fourth his leg. The weapon was a shot gun, and Sale fired but once. Gilmore ran into a house, and afterwards went home in a hack. The difficulty grew out of the affray on the preceding day, in which Alexander Gilmore, a brother of William, was shot. Sale surrendered himself and was locked up.

Attempt at a Double Suicide.—Officer Clements, of the Twenty-third precinct, was patrolling his beat, he discovered a man on the track of the Hudson River Railroad, in a state of semi unconsciousness, and took him to the station house. It appeared that his name was Isaac H. Van Cleet, and that his parents resided at 106 East Thirty-third street; that he was a clerk, had been out of employment a long time, became discouraged thereby, and resolved upon self-destruction. He had taken morphine and placed himself upon the railroad track, so that the train, which passed a few minutes after he was picked up, would kill him if the poison did not. His parents were sent for, and medical assistance promptly secured, but he died in the station-house the following morning. He was twenty-seven years of age, and single.

Death of Ex-Governor W. C. Bouck.—Hon. William C. Bouck, of Schoharie, died at his residence on the 19th of April, at the age of seventy-three years. He was for several years member of Assembly, and in 1821 was a State Senator. In 1842 he was elected Governor, and in 1846 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was next appointed Sub-Treasurer in the city of New York, which office he held until 1849. He then retired to the farm which had been in the possession of his father and grandfather since 1755, where he quietly passed his last years amongst the companions of his early manhood.

The International Art Institution.—Last week we visited this gallery, which, we are obliged to say, is one of the best arranged as well as one of the best exhibitions at present open in New York. In number of works it is possibly rather limited, but this is amply made amends for by the exceeding beauty and almost general merit of the whole gallery. The secretary is an exceedingly obliging and genial gentleman, who takes every possible means to afford the information which may be required of him.

We are only enabled in our present notice to point out some of the gems of the exhibition, which we do with some backwardness, as so many of the pictures merit the highest praise that it may possibly seem invidious in us to do so. However, "The Foundation," a painting by Meyer of Bremen, is a wonderful work, both in its exceedingly careful finish and the sound solidity of its manner of handling; this canvas deserves study at the hands of many of our artists, and asks for almost unqualified admiration both from the critic and the amateur. One of Oswald Achenbach's large landscapes, "Early Morning," is peculiarly simple and broad in its treatment, as well as masterly in its execution; there are but few of our artists who might be considered fairly above the necessity of taking a lesson from his painter. The "Hagar and Ishmael," the name of whose artist at present slips from our memory, is another fine work, with some magnificent drawing in the limbs of the almost dying boy. And we would point out "The Little Musician," by E. Gerselbach, as one of the most charming examples of thoroughly complete finish we have ever seen; the background is a marvel of careful detail, without its care being in any instance pushed into hardness. We are unable to say anything more at present, if it be not to call attention to the fact that it is the intention of the artists, through the director and secretary of the gallery, to effect a change every month, and a total change every two months in the pictures hung. We intend returning to it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings news to the 9th. It is the most important that has appeared for years. We have noticed the chief points editorially, and give below a brief synopsis.

ENGLAND.

The English Cabinet had decided to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country rather than resign. Lord Derby announced the fact in the House of Commons on the 4th, and in his remarks severely attacked Lord John Russell's course, and characterized Lord Palmerston's recommendation that Russell's amendment be accepted by Ministers as a direct insult. He rejoiced at the generous support his Government had received, and expressed the conviction that there was no cohesion in the opposition, and that it would be dissolved the next moment by the conflicting opinions of its various sections. The Cabinet had resolved to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public business permitted, both because they thought the country ought to be consulted at the present crisis and because the interests of peace would suffer from a change of Administration. Mr. Disraeli made a corresponding announcement in the Commons.

In the House of Commons on the 6th, Lord Palmerston defended himself from the imputations cast on him by Ministers, and criticised Lord Derby's course. Sir J. Pakington replied, and reiterated the assertion that Lord Palmerston had made the direct threat that, if the Crown asserted its right to dissolve Parliament, the House might refuse the supply.

Lord Palmerston had given notice of a question respecting "our foreign relations and the affairs of Europe," but at the urgent request of Mr. Disraeli he postponed it.

No date had been fixed for the dissolution of Parliament. The candidates were flooding the country with addresses to their constituents. Lord Palmerston, in his address, asserts that the simple question at issue is the merits of the Government reform Bill. He deprecates the action of the Ministers in dissolving Parliament at this critical juncture in European affairs. Other speeches were also made on the subject.

On the 8th, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury said that he hoped to be able to make a statement to the House before the prorogation, which would show that the Government had done all it could to preserve the peace of Europe. Earl Malmesbury's remarks are construed into an admission that there is no hope for peace.

The fight between Sayers and Paddock, for the championship of England, came off on the 5th inst. Over a thousand persons assembled to witness it. After a series of rounds, occupying twelve and a half minutes, Sayers was declared the victor—thus retaining the championship.

BELFAST, April 2.—The trial of the members of the Phoenix Society resulted, like the first, in a disagreement and discharge of the jury. The prisoners were held over till next August, on renewing their bail.

FRANCE.

The movement of troops and war material in France continues on a large scale.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says that about 25,000 men are on their way to reinforce the army of Lyons.

The feeling that war is inevitable prevails at the French Foreign Office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries.

Count Cavour is reported to have said that he could at any time apply the match to the materials of conflagration at his command, and force France to join him.

The Daily News correspondent says orders have been sent to Toulon that sixty-eight vessels, which have been long preparing there, should be ready to put to sea at a day's notice, if required. Eight vessels have been ordered at once to start for Toulon.

All Marseilles vessels in the Adriatic are returning home, considering those waters unsafe, and that no freight from Trieste are now to be had.

In the London evening papers of the 4th inst. we find the following important news:

The London Times Paris correspondent says a letter from Lyons states that an army of 60,000 men would soon be encamped in that vicinity.

A second letter corroborates the intelligence, and says that a French army of 60,000 men has been ordered to the frontiers of Piedmont, and that this measure was only decided on late Friday evening.

A Paris despatch of Monday morning says the French Government has taken fresh steps to procure the admission of Piedmont, of which there appears, however, to be no hope. The Piedmontese Government is now preparing another expostulatory manifesto against its definitive exclusion from the Congress.

AUSTRIA.

An analysis is published of Count Buol's reply to the Russian proposal for the Congress. He declares the whole difficulty is to be found in the policy of Piedmont, and regards the Congress as the means of putting an end to the danger with which she threatens Europe. If Piedmont will disarm, Austria will do likewise.

Advices from Milan state that the following order of the day has been posted in the barracks in that town:

"Austrian Soldiers, the Emperor calls you round his banners to beat down for the third time the price of Piedmont—to expel from their den those fanatics who destroy the tranquillity of Europe. Advances against the enemies who have always led before you. Remember the victories of 1818 and 1849—remember Novara, where your foes were dispersed and annihilated. Let our watchword be *Vive l'Empereur*, our rights for ever."

The Vienna correspondent of the Times telegraphs as follows:

The long expected crisis is at hand. A corps of fifty thousand men goes from this city to Italy to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of six thousand men is to be assembled here. A reserve corps of seventy thousand men will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy and of the corps about to leave this city have been called in.

SARDINIA.

The London Morning Post publishes a long and important memorandum presented by the Sardinian Government to that of Great Britain, on the condition of Italy. It is dated Turin, March 1st, and is in answer to interpellations of the English Government. It points out the chance by which the danger of

war or a revolution would be warded off, and the Italian question at least temporarily solved. It is now asserted that Count Cavour is anything but satisfied with the result of his trip to Paris, and has lost confidence in the fulfilment of his hopes.

ITALY.

The correspondent of the *Times* at Rome says that the general opinion there is that the Congress will simply delay war, but cannot prevent it, because it will not effectually settle the Italian question.

It is confidently stated that neither the Papal Government nor the King of Naples will send representatives to the Congress.

The *Independence Belge* says that the King of Naples is rapidly sinking. Other accounts represent him as better, but not out of danger. The latest telegram says five of his physicians have declared him incurable.

The Papal Government is preparing an official note relative to the proposed Congress, to be addressed to the Great Powers.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian press still endeavors to show that Germany is in nowise concerned in the Italian question, which, it declares, does not affect German interests. Two Prussian journals, which have relations in Governmental circles, the *Weekly Journal* and the *National Gazette*, attack the Austro-Italian treaties as openly violating the stipulations and guarantees of the great European treaties, and they demand the abrogation of them for the sake of Italy and Europe.

Advices state that the Prussian Government intends demanding from the Chamber a credit of twelve millions of thalers for increasing the navy and improving the defences of the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea.

INDIA.

The famous Russell of the *Times* thus writes: "We have heard nothing of Tania Topee. The brigades from Agra and Meerut have now joined in the chase. He is moving about in any direction in which he can ascertain there are no pursuers, and has pressed on towards the deserts of Rajpootana. He was last reported on the frontiers of Jodhpur and Bikaner, as if moving to the road through the great desert towards Bhawalpoor and the Indus. We have received intelligence from England that Tania Topee and the Nena of Bihoor are the same, or that it is the Nena, under the name of Tania, who is giving all this trouble in the centre of India. This is merely one of the ridiculous fables which are produced in the hotbeds of the Indian bazaar, and seized on by foolish quidnuncs. Tania is quite a separate identity from the Nena, and has a few of the other rebel chiefs with him, particularly Ferceza Shah, one of the Delhi royal family. He and Tania boldly marched as near the Delhi territory as they could, hoping to raise followers and encourage the Mohammedans to try once more to make head against the English; but this proving a failure, he and Tania were obliged to retreat in the direction above noted.

"There still remain a few bands of rebels in the Behar province. They wander from the jungles of Palnow to Monghyr, on the spurs of the Rajmehal hills, towards the Ganges. They appear to be endeavoring to cross and join the other rebels in the northern forests. They probably have some doomed leader with them whom they must not desert; they cause an alert at the different stations on their line, but this must soon end."

MEXICO.

The Liberal party in Mexico are in ecstasies over the recognition of the Juarez Government by the American minister, Mr. McLane. President Juarez made a most grateful speech in response to Mr. McLane's remarks, in presenting his credentials, and he immediately caused to be issued a circular to all the Governors of the Provinces, announcing to them the important fact that his Government had been solemnly recognized by the American Ambassador.

VENEZUELA.

Things remain much as they were before the arrival of General Paez. General Paez has not left Valencia. General Jose M. Zamora was, on the 17th, actively engaged against the rebels in the province of Barcelona. The province of Maturin was in arms, pursuing the sons of Sotillo. The Coro rebels, under date of Feb. 26, issued circulars to the Governors of all the States, inviting their co-operation.

The names of the persons forming the Provisional Rebel Government are given in this document as General Juan C. Falcon, Antonio Leocadio Guzman, Dr. Jose Manuel Garcia, Napoleon Sebastian Arteaga and Jose Gabriel Ochoa. Ochoa was killed in the fight with General Cordero, and Arteaga was taken prisoner. The Government appears to be making satisfactory headway against the rebels.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Government of Portugal has authorized the free admission of Indian corn.

Russia has effected a loan of \$60,000,000.

By way of Russia it is reported that a famine was prevailing in the southern part of China.

New gold fields of fair promise had been discovered near Melbourne.

There was much activity in the shipment of gold. Over a million sterling was en route to England.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

"O Rare Ben Jonson!"—The anathemas pronounced by Ben Jonson's friend, William Shakespeare, against those who disturbed his bones seems to have been lost upon those who attended the re-interment of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon's remains in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of March, since we read in the *London Times*: "This solemnity, which the medical profession have been looking forward to with great interest, took place on Tuesday in Westminster Abbey. The coffin, which had been deposited in the abbey on Saturday evening, was re-interred on the north side of the nave, between Wilkie and Ben Jonson (the skull of the latter being freely handed about). There was, of course, no service read over the grave. Arrived at the grave, the coffin was deposited in its final resting place, where it was inspected by the crowd assembled, amounting to about six hundred, amongst whom were several ladies. The subscriptions for a statue to Hunter already amount to six hundred pounds." An interesting relic, the skull of the friend of Shakespeare, and the author of *Titmouse* and those noble *Masques*, being handed from one to another. How it reminds one of the skull of Yorick in the hand of Hamlet.

Charity and Vanity; or, the Ruling Passion Strong in Death.—Miss Jane Clark, of Regent street, the celebrated Court milliner, who died recently, had amassed a large fortune. Her property (including pictures) is estimated at £30,000, the principal portion of which is left to the various charities of the metropolis. Miss Clark directed that she should be interred in point lace. This vanity is like that of Mrs. Oldfield the actress, satirized by Pope:

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Snow Storm in London.—There has been a severe snow storm in London on the 30th March, which led to many accidents. Persons losing their footing, and owing to the blinding effects of the snow flakes several were run over by the stages and carriages. With this exception the winter has been as mild there as here.

A Negligent Parson.—Some little consternation was caused among a congregation in a small town in West Sussex, some few Sundays since by the absence of the vicar. At the usual hour for prayers the good people of that town had assembled in the church, and the hour for the commencement of the service arrived, but there was no clergyman to be found. At length a clergyman of the Church of England, who happened to be among the congregation, stepped into the vestry, and with the assistance of the clerk, was enveloped in the surplice and read the service. The congregation departed, still wondering what accident could have befallen the vicar. The mystery was not cleared up until the afternoon, when the reverend gentleman drove into the town and alighted at the house of a lady. "Oh I am so glad to see you, sir," exclaimed the lady, "we were afraid that some accident had happened to you, or that you were ill." "I'll reply," replied the reverend pastor, "I was never better in my life. Why did you suppose I was ill?" "Because you were not at church this morning," was the reply. "Hush me!" exclaimed the astonished vicar, as the circumstance flashed across his memory, "I entirely forgot it."

A Fox Hunting Bishop.—A correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* writes: "Not many weeks since the Bishop of Durham had a number of foxes conveyed to his establishment at Bishop Auckland from Inverness-shire. They were in boxes, and after they arrived at the station one of them, not being satisfied with his confinement and travelling expedition, gave vent to his impatience by barking. The bark attracted the attention of the bystanders, and it took some management on the part of the railway officials to make the ely gentleman silent. This singular consignment caused several very curious comments."

A Most Remarkable Case.—Mrs. Ann Jones, a widow, aged eighty-eight, committed suicide by cutting her throat. From the evidence of Jane Ann Cutmore, it appeared that she resided with deceased, at 39 York street, Lambeth. On Thursday morning about three o'clock, she was aroused from her sleep by hearing the deceased, who slept in the same room, moan, as if in pain. She asked her what was the matter, when she replied, "I am cutting my throat." Witness quickly got out of bed and went to deceased's bed, but on feeling the clothes found she was not there, and it being dark she could not at first perceive her, but on groping about she discovered her seated in a chair with a knife in her hand, which she snatched from her, but with which deceased had inflicted a wound in her throat.

Charles Summers, police constable 5 L, stated that he was called to the house and found the deceased as described, and on asking her why she had committed the act, she said, "You might as well have stopped over longer while I finished this work." He found the penknife with which she had cut her throat. She was without delay taken to the hospital. Mr. Adair, the house surgeon of the hospital said deceased was brought in with a most frightful gash in her throat, and her dress was saturated with blood. Every means was used to restore

her, but she expired in a few hours from the effects of the wound. The deceased, when brought in, told him that she thought she must have been mad to commit such an act. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

Music and Drama.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are amusing the classic dwellers in Shoreditch at the Standard, while the Drury Lane Opera company (to make room for Italian) have migrated with William and Susan to Saddle's Wells. Mr. Creswick and Miss Eaworthy are showing their tragic talents off to the transportines at the Surrey; and Mr. Charles Mathews and his wife are nightly playing Dazzle and Lady Gay Spanker in Bourcicault's "London Assurance."

The two rival managers of the Italian Opera companies are still squabbling; and, as the dispute has become personal, it may give some employment to the gentlemen of the wig and gown. Both, however, are meanwhile doing their utmost to obtain the palm of excellence upon their opening night, Covent Garden opening on Tuesday, April 2, with Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—the part of Leonora by Signora Lotti, that of the Conte di Luna by Debassani, assisted by Tagliafico, Neri, Baraldi, Lucchesi and Mdlle. Didier.

Charles Kean had chosen "Henry V." as the closing triumph of his management. His performance of the gallant victor over the French was excellent. We may mention as some index to the popular opinion, that every line in that famous play which tells against the French is vehemently applauded. It is the intention of Queen Victoria to confer a baronetcy on him after his retirement from the stage. He will be the first actor ever dignified by the crown.

British Heroes.—There is something painfully ludicrous in this little bit of police intelligence taken from an English paper. This is the stuff of which "brute force" is composed:

Daniel Gavin, Robert Hayes and Eugene Dinan, rough country lads, were charged with being deserters from the Royal Artillery. Sergeant John McNeill said—"I enlisted these men and two others for the Royal Artillery on the 1st of March, in the Eagle beer-shop, Shoreditch. They left that night and came next morning to pass the doctor, but it was too late, and I desired them to attend the following day, but I never saw them afterwards until last evening, when in custody."

Townsend, 6 H—"I took the prisoners, from description, last night in White-chapel. They at first denied taking the shilling, but afterwards said they were deserters."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"What do you say to this?"

Gavin—"I was drunk."

Hayes—"And so were I and he (Dinan)."

Dinan—"You see this here soger ax'd one of the chaps if he was willing to serve Majesty Queen, the chap says 'Aye,' and then soger shies he a shilling, and afterwards shies each a shilling all round, w/out axing. There be two chaps as keeps a stall outside the shop who can prove it."

Sergeant—"This statement is false; all of you were quite sober, and I can prove it."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Are you willing to join now?"

Prisoner—"No, we don't want to follow drum. When we saw soger next day we wanted him take shilling back, but he said 'No, that won't do for me.'"

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"I am inclined to believe that you did enlist, but if you can prove the fact of being in liquor at the time it may serve your purpose, therefore I will give you an opportunity." Remanded.

Going to Wait for Warm Weather.—A droll thing occurred at London lately. A young man named Le Roy undertook to drown himself in the Regent's Canal. He lay in the grass and rolled himself into the water. He was seen, and his rescue attempted. But he crept out before he was seized, and said he wanted to die, but the water was so cold, so very cold, he could not stay in it!

A Valuable Quarter of a Minute.—A London paper reports a singular incident that occurred at Lloyd's. On the morning on which the Thalia foundered, an underwriter was in the act of writing his name for £500 on the insurance of this vessel, when a friend in the room strolled from the place where the notices of casualties are posted, and accidentally remarked to him, "The Thalia's gone, I see." This was sufficient to stop his pen. A quarter of a minute later, and his company would probably have lost the £500.

IRELAND.

Death of the Marquis of Waterford.—This national calamity took place whilst his lordship was hunting with his own hounds. The meet was at Castle Morris, county of Kilkenny, and more than one chase had taken place, when at Corbally, midway between Castle Morris and Carrick-on-Suir, in leaping a small fence, half bank, half wall, not much more than two feet high, the marquis's horse missed its footing on the bank, and dropped his forelegs into a small rut on the other side, which threw the animal on its knees, so that his lordship fell over on his head, apparently without much violence. He lay on his face, his hunting cap having a dent on the top, but there was no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was placed in a sitting position, but he was found to be entirely unconscious, and never afterwards spoke. He lived for about ten minutes, and the only sign of life given was that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, however, Dr. O'Ryan, of Carrick-on-Suir, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance, and pronounced life to be extinct. Death resulted from concussion of the brain.

FRANCE.

Proposed Enlargement of Paris.—By an imperial decree Paris is about to become a colossal city. In its actual limits there are at present 1,174,316 souls; the suburbs contain 361,119 inhabitants; so that the future population, when Paris is extended, is at once raised to 1,535,435. Paris was already the most populous city on the Continent. Vienna has only 475,000; St. Petersburg, 550,000; Berlin, 430,000; Madrid, 260,000; Lisbon, 234,000; Naples, 480,000; Constantinople, 630,000; Milan, 160,000. London is the only European city more populous than Paris will be when the change of limits is effected—but London is nearly doubly so.

The Fortune-Teller Sold.—It is said that in Paris just now the attraction of the wonderful and the unknown is a thirst so ardent and devouring for many a weak mortal, that a certain pythoness, who has established her sorcery shop in the Faubourg Saint Germain, is absolutely overrun with visitors, of whom not a few belong to the refined and intelligent class.

The other evening this somnambulist and the prodigies which she is said to have accomplished, became the subject of conversation in an elegant Parisian drawing room. The mistress of the house, herself a warm partisan of the gipsy, observed that one gentleman present listened to the strange stories related of the fortune-teller's wonderful powers, without either giving in his adhesion or intimating his incredulity. Much intrigued by this attitude of non-committalism, the lady at last turned to the silent listener with the remark,

"I suppose you don't believe these stories, Captain?"

"Well, madam," replied the other, "I do not intend to explain that which may be inexplicable; but I look upon the marvelous in the same light as did Sir Thomas."

"That is to say," returned the lady, "in order to believe, you must first see? Very good; accompany me to-morrow, and you shall see, you shall hear, you shall judge for yourself."

"May I be permitted to take an active part in the trial?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will be most happy to be convinced."

The next day the two visited the sorceress in her den.

"I should like you to plunge your investigating eye upon my person, and inform me if my sanitary state is satisfactory; if no deformity exists; if no loss has occurred."

The somnambulist, after closely scrutinizing her interrogator, replied, "I see nothing in you, sir, to cause the slightest anxiety."

"Look carefully."

"I have done so."

"The box is sound and unburnt?"

"Perfectly."

"No imperfections?"

"None whatever."

"You hear, madam?" said the gentleman, turning to the lady who had suggested the experiment. "It appears to me almost time to put an end to this nonsense." Then addressing the somnambulist, he continued, "I am Captain V. I have left a leg in Africa, and a hand in the Crimea. Look I! And the officer stamped upon the floor with his false foot, and rapped upon the table with a mechanical hand, neatly gloved."

Thereupon the somnambulist observed that she felt very unwell that morning, begged her visitors to excuse her, and disappeared.

Dumas Once More.—Dumas, the incomparable, has returned to Paris full of romances—some say he has fourteen ready of six hundred pages each, written on the back of the love letters he has received during his nine months' travels in Russia and Circassia. When Dumas was on the point of leaving this odd country, etiquette required that he should bid adieu to the prince by rubbing noses with him. Dumas requested permission to go through the same ceremony with the princess, but was informed that it was not the custom. So he rubbed his own nose, in some disappointment.

How the Empress Amuses Herself.—At the Tuilleries the small receptions continue. The Empress has wisely reserved the Tuesdays in Lent for her intimate acquaintance, and it is therefore a mark of distinction to be invited. At these small parties the amusements are simple and unpretending enough. The Empress delights in those *petits jeux innocens* (a salomoner, by-the-by), which used in bygone times to delight our grandmothers, and which form so large an element in the intrigue of every novel of fashionable life a century ago. When, where, and how? The "Travellers" and sundry other quiet games begin the evening, and, after a certain hour, more lively ones succeed; such as "La Mer est agitée," or "La Toilette de la Marée," until, at last, a little romping is permitted, and the whole winds up with the "Chât Perché," or "La Guerre Fan-pai"—games which have been tolerated at the French Court ever since the days of Louis Quatorze, consecrated by time and the patronage not only of royalty, but of prudery likewise, as even Madame de Maintenon encouraged and approved them for the sake of the distraction they afforded to the King.

The Empress, whose lively manners and youthful spirits are continually compressed by the necessities of Court etiquette, here finds herself at liberty, and enjoys the games exceedingly. It would rather surprise some of the English Court dignitaries to behold the physical agility with which the "oldest inhabitant" of the Tuilleries, the gravest and most revered senior of all, leads

the brawl on these occasions. The low-socks of the ladies are so good, the puns he utters so ingenious, that it is said the Académie would not understand them, nor their own fathers recognise them, when once they have been newly dressed up and christened by him.

ITALY.

The criminal cases which have been submitted to the criminal tribunal of Rome during 1858 have risen to 3,548. The statement of this increase has been submitted to the Pope, and so inveterate is the habit of adulation common to the Romish press, that the official journal says, "His Holiness has deigned to receive this statement with proofs of his sovereign satisfaction."

CHESS.

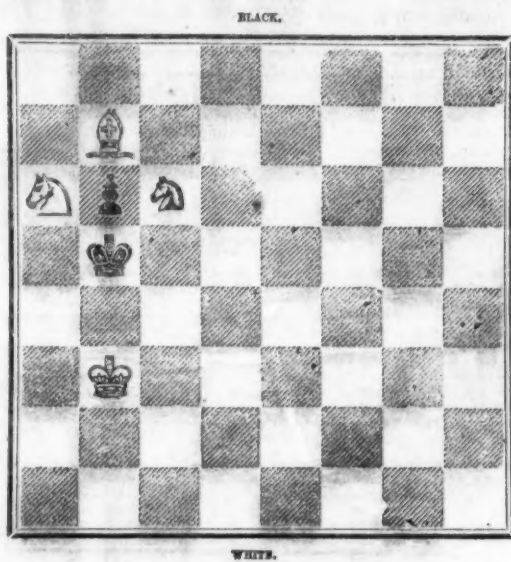
All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

NEW BOOK OF PROBLEMS.—Provided a subscription list can be obtained sufficient to pay the expense of publication, it is in contemplation to issue, during the present year, a large collection of Chess problems by American composers. The book will be under the editorship of Eugene B. Cook and W. R. Henry; it will contain one thousand positions upon diagrams two and a half inches square, and the price will not exceed two dollars. The names of subscribers should be sent to W. R. Henry, box 1129, New York city. Composers who wish their productions to appear to the best advantage are requested to forward their latest versions to the same address. The editors would like also to publish the real name of the composer in every case, and to give the proper credit to the periodical in which each problem originally appeared.

LOCKPORT CHESS CLUB.—On Wednesday evening last the Lockport Chess Club was formed and the first meeting held. The following are the names of the officers: President, James Ferguson; Vice President, Sullivan Caverno; Secretary, Charles J. Maginnis; Treasurer, A. R. Ferguson. There are about twenty members in the Club. Any person desirous of becoming a member can make application to either of the officers, or of any of the following gentlemen composing the standing committee on new members: S. Caverno, A. W. Brasee and S. A. Charles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P. C. C. N. Y. Solution received.—D. W. W. Troy University, N. Y. Have sent you the regulations, &c., of the Brooklyn Chess Club. They are simple and practical.—J. K., Delaware. Have sent the required information by mail.

PROBLEM No. 193.—By E. B. Cook. White to play and mate in five moves.



THREE Games between Messrs. ROBERTS and FRANKLIN, of California.

FIRST GAME.

BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.
1 P to K4	P to K4	16 P to K5	Kt to Q Kt 3
2 P to K4	P to Q4	17 B to Q B3	Q to K2
3 P to Q4	P to K5	18 P to K5	Q Kt to B3
4 Kt to B3	Kt to B3	19 P to K Kt 4	K to R sq
5 P to Q3	B to Q Kt 5	20 P to Q Kt 3	Q to K Kt 5 (ch)
6 P to Q2	P to K5	21 K to Kt sq	Q Kt to Q Kt 5
7 B to P	Castles	22 B to K5	Q Kt to B
8 B to Q2	R to K sq (ch)	23 P to K5	Kt to Q R 5
9 K B to K2	B to Q B4	24 K R to K Kt 8	Kt to B O (ch)
10 Kt to Q R 4 (bad)	B Kt to Kt	25 R Kt Kt	Q Kt to R
11 R Kt B	Kt Kt P	26 P to K6	Q R to Q sq
12 Kt to B3	B to K Kt 5	27 R Kt R	R Kt to R
13 Kt to K4	B Kt B	28 P to K7	R to K sq
14 Q Kt B	P to K B4	29 P to K Kt 5	Q to Q B 4 and wins.
15 Castles on Q side	P Kt Kt		

SECOND GAME.

WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.
1 P to K4	P to K3	13 Q to K2	Castles on Q side
2 P to Q4	P to Q4	14 Kt to Q Kt 3	Q R to K sq
3 P to P	P Kt P	15 Kt to Q B 6	P to K Kt 4
4 B to K3	Kt to K B3	16 P to Q R 4	B Kt B
5 B to Q3	B to K3	17 Q Kt P Kt B	Kt Kt Q R P
6 P to K R3	P to Q B3	18 K to K5	Kt Kt P to Q B 5
7 Kt to K B3	P to K R3	19 B Kt Kt P	P Kt B
8 P to Q R3	B to Q3	20 P Kt Kt	Q Kt B
9 Q Kt to Q2	Q Kt to Q2	21 Q Kt Kt P	Q to Q B2
10 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 4	22 P to Q B 6	R to K B4
11 P to Q B3	Kt to Q Kt 3	23 Castles	R Kt B, resigns.
12 R to Q B sq	Q to Q B2		Last move a mistake.

THIRD GAME.

BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.
1 P to K4	P to Q B4	21 Q to Q B3	P to Q R 4
2 Kt to K B3	P to K3	22 P to Q B5	R to Q Kt sq
3 P to Q B3	P to Q4	23 B to Q2	R to Q Kt 4
4 P Kt P	P Kt P	24 Q to Q B sq	Q Kt Q
5 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to Q B3	25 K R Kt sq	R to Q sq
6 P to Q4	P to Q K3	26 B to Q B3	P to K R3
7 B Kt Kt	P Kt B	27 R to B2	K to B2
8 B to K3	P to Q B5	28 Q R to Kt sq	K R to Q Kt sq
9 Castles	Kt to K B3	29 K R to Q B2	P to K Kt 4
10 Kt to K5	Q to B2	30 K to K3	K to K3
11 Kt to Q2	B to Q2	31 P to Q Kt 2	B to Q4
12 P to K B4	Castles	32 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R 5
13 P to K R3	Kt to K5	33 P to Q R3	R to K B2
14 Kt Kt Kt	P Kt Kt	34 R to K R sq	R to Q Kt 2
15 Kt Kt P to Q B5	P to K B4	35 B to Q2	R to K2
16 Kt Kt B	Q Kt Kt	36 R to K B sq	B to Q B6
17 P to Q B4	B to K3	37 K to Q B sq	B to Q4
18 P to Q Kt 3	Q R to Q sq	38 K to K B2	K to K sq
19 Q to Q2	Q to Q R 6	39 R to Q B3	

Declared a drawn game. This was done to prevent White taking all the next day to consider on his move.

A Safe Conclusion.—When two women quarrel, you may be sure that one of them is in error at least.

Uses of Adversity.—You wear out your old clothes; you are not troubled with many visitors; you are exonerated from making calls; bore do not bore you; spongers cannot haunt your table; itinerant bands do not play opposite your window; you avoid the nuisance of serving on juries; no one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial; no tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day?" begging letter-writers leave you alone; impostors know it is useless to bleed you; you practice temperance; you swallow infinitely less poison than others; you are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache; and, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it.

True Idea of Poetry.—Poetry (says Carlyle), were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the utmost which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes his character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being, and, historically considered, is the best test how far music or freedom existed therein—how far the feeling of love, of beauty and dignity could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and of the universe, internal and external.

POSTSCRIPT.

Missing People and Defaulters.

ARREST OF JACOB S. HARDEN.

One of the results of our new movement is the arrest of Jacob S. Harden, near Wheeling, Virginia, by Smith McDonald, of that city.

Of the perfect faithfulness of the portrait, the following extract from a letter received from Alphons Cyphers, Esq., of Washington, Warren county, New Jersey, speaks in unmistakable terms:

"The admirable likeness you gave of him was instantly recognized by his acquaintances, and acknowledged to be a good fac simile of the original. Yours truly,

"ALPHEUS CYPHERS.

"FRANK LESLIE, ESQ."

SLEEPING CARS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

In days gone by travellers might well have imagined that it was the object of the proprietors of public conveyances to render them as uncomfortable as possible. Now, at least in this country, it appears to be quite the reverse.

Formerly travelling, amongst other inconveniences, implied a total abstinence from sleep, or if indulged in, it was in such an uneasy posture that the sleeper awoke more fatigued than before. Now American ingenuity has invented a sleeping car, which is in use on several of our long lines, in which, for a small increase in the fare, the traveller may enjoy his natural rest, and yet not be retarded in his journey.

Our illustration was drawn from one of the cars in use on the northern branch of the New York Central Railroad, on which line sleeping cars are attached to every night train. The cars may be used as ordinary day ones, but at night two shelves are let down from the ceiling, and a third shelf is formed by letting down the backs of the seats. On each of these mattresses and bedding are placed, curtains closely drawn up during the day are let down, and the whole forms a very comfortable sleeping-place about the size of a ship's berth.

We are glad to see that some of the railroad companies have adopted these cars. It is a step in the right direction, which will, without doubt, be soon followed by the directors of other railroads. In a pecuniary point of view it will certainly be profitable, as without calculating the income from the increased travel which always follows improvements, every traveller would gladly pay an increased fare for the accommodation.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

How the Mississippi is Tapped.—The origin of most of the breaks or crevasses in the levee on the Mississippi is crawl holes. These little pests commence on the river front of the levee and work through either into the ditch or into the air on the land side of the levee, making a hole from one to two inches in diameter, which by the friction of the water is enlarged, if neglected, until the levee by its own weight caves in. The mode of arresting the work of these diggers has been to make a complete line of planking on the outside of the ditch, the planks being set up perpendicularly; the earth is piled against the planks on the land side, forming a proper slope, and the planks are braced inside, and earth, with bagasse, filled in between the planks and the main levee. The water rises between the planks and the main levee, and the acid of the bagasse stops the working of the crawfish.

A Desperate Fight in a Railroad Car. took place, last week, on the night train of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, a short distance above Wellsville, in which one man was shot in the leg and another beaten so badly that he had to be carried out and medical aid called. A Captain Moore was occupying a seat by himself, when a farmer, living in the vicinity of Elean's Station came up, and either trod upon or kicked his leg, probably unintentionally. Mr. Moore raised up and made some offensive remark, to which the other replied in the same tone. A cross-firing of words continued until the farmer, in answer to some epithet, struck Mr. Moore, when the latter drew a pistol and fired twice at his assailant, lodging two balls in his thigh. At this point one or two of the passengers, including the man that was shot, pitched into Moore and beat him most unmercifully, mutilating his face and person without stint.

The Manner in which a Yankee was Robbed in New York.—About a week ago, Frederick Leonard, of Boston, complained to the detective police that, at a performance of a circus in Williamsburg, his job pocket was cut open, and all his money, about \$1,350, in bills, was abstracted therefrom. Captain Walling examined the pocket that the money had been taken from, and as the inside portion was cut about half an inch longer than the outside, the Captain thought Leonard knew more about it than anybody else. He questioned Leonard closely, as to whether the money was his own, but Leonard stoutly protested that the money was the proceeds of a sale he made of some horses of his own. The Captain merely recorded the robbery on his books, and Leonard departed. On Saturday last, a gentleman named Morton called at the detective office and said he belonged in Boston; and that he had entrusted Leonard with a horse worth \$1,000 to sell, and seeing the item in the newspapers that Leonard said he had been robbed, he was afraid it was not all right. An officer was immediately dispatched after Leonard, and it was learned he left for Boston on Sunday night. A telegram was dispatched to the police of Boston, to arrest Leonard, and just as he stepped off the cars, Captain Taylor, of the sixth district of Boston, arrested him. On searching Leonard, \$784 were found concealed in his stocking. It is said he confessed cutting his pocket, and accordingly settled with Mr. Morton, and was released from custody.

Branch on a Bend.—The redoubtable Stephen is travelling on his mule, and thus writes to the New York Sun from Philadelphia: "The streets of this pious city resemble those of London and Paris, and the pretty little village of Brandon, where the little George first beheld the milky nebula. The air this morning is as mellifluous as in the Isle of Java, where mortals only contemplate the atmosphere. The modest and bewitching Quaker virgins are gazing gracefully on Chestnut street, and I almost envy the leering gallants by their side. I visited the grave of Franklin in the evening twilight, and was impressed with emotions that only the mounds of Washington and my father would inspire."

"I am on my way to Baltimore and Washington, to enrapture the Southerners with a lecture on the 'Sublime and Ridiculous.' While on the 'Sublime,' I shall appear in the attire of Goldsmith and Romeo. And while on the 'Ridiculous,' I shall wear the costume of a Quarry Convict and Alexander Selkirk. The late Thomas H. Benton, Edward Everett and myself copyright our star lectures, lest the reporters display them before the world, and thus block our game, and spoil our dime. But I shall be more liberal than Thomas and Edward, and allow the reporters as much latitude and libel as I enjoyed in the Pentateuch on Blackwell's Island, for an alleged libel on a Mayor, who bears the key of Peter, and enters the dens of lions, and wears the mantle of Luther. I shall appear but once before the Baltimoreans, at the Washington and Virginians await my advent with trembling solicitude."

A Female Robinson Crusoe.—Mr. Kellogg, of the Chicago Herald, has received a letter from Racine, giving an account of the rescue of a young lady named Richardson—who was cast away on an island in Lake Superior, three years ago. The letter states that she was a passenger on board the schooner Ossie, Marvin master, and that she was on her way to meet her affianced husband, when the vessel was wrecked on the shore of the island alluded to, and she was the only person saved. She has remained there three years in all, subsisting upon the provisions that were thrown ashore from the wreck by the waves. She is now on her way to Cleveland, where she will be received as one risen from the dead.

A Sharp Game.—Some few weeks ago a broker doing business in New Canal street was called upon by rather a gentlemanly-looking man, who stated that he was in possession of a large quantity of gold dust, worth nearly five thousand dollars, some of which had been stolen, and wishing to rid himself of it as soon as possible, would sell it for nearly one-half its value. He at the same time exhibited a small quantity of gold dust, which the broker at once saw was the Simon Pure, and was no little over anxious to strike a bargain for the dust. Two thousand five hundred dollars was finally offered and accepted, and it was not long before the supposed gold dust was delivered to the broker. He at once weighed it, and finding its weight to be correct, the money was then paid over to the stranger, who, bidding the broker "good-bye," soon left. The broker had not been alone over half an hour, when another man called, representing himself as a policeman, and exhibiting a shield, informed the broker that he knew that he was in possession of a large quantity of stolen gold dust, and that he must consider himself under arrest. The broker became no alarmed that he at once made every sort of offer to hush the matter, and finally induced the supposed policeman to accept the sum of eight hundred dollars, and which was paid over to the officer in one hundred dollar bills. The broker then concluded it would be best to dispose of the gold dust as soon as possible, and on the following day attempted its sale, but found, to his utter astonishment that the gold dust turned out to be nothing more than copper filings. This was too much for him to stand, and he soon set out for the police headquarters, in order to report to the Deputy Superintendent, who had the members of the detective force and other officers paraded up before the unfortunate broker, but the mysterious policeman could not be found. On Tuesday a well-known character and a stool pigeon for one of the detectives was arrested by two of the

detective force as the man who had sold the bogus gold dust to the broker. On Wednesday he was conveyed before a police justice, and, as predicted by one of the detectives, during the morning the accused was discharged, as the proof in the case could not be sustained. The case certainly requires further investigation by the Commissioners, for there is no getting over the fact that the man whom the broker paid hush money to prevent his arrest was either a policeman, or that some member of the department loaned his shield to carry out the above object. In the latter case, which is most probable, he must have come in for a portion of the spoils.

Death of an Actress.—We regret to announce the death of a lady well known to fame both as an actress and author. Mrs. Frank Wright, whose recent divorce from her husband, Dr. Wright, of Baltimore, is fresh in the public mind. Some two years ago she published a volume which displayed much promise, and was warmly welcomed by the press. Louise Reeder was a native of the city of New York, and born in January, 1837; she died on the 6th April, in New Orleans, from injuries received from the bursting of a champagne lamp. She was a very facile writer both of prose and verse. As she was dying she sent for a Catholic priest, and was admitted into the bosom of the Roman Church. Peace to her ashes. She was young, fair, unfortunate and full of genius. Let that be her epitaph.

Death of Billy Bowlegs.—The following is furnished by the last Fort Smith (Ark.) Times. We learn from Mr. George M. Aird, who arrived from the Seminoles country, that Billy Bowlegs died suddenly at the house of John Jumper, on Friday, the 11th of March. There were great lamentations and loud wailings among his people, the Seminoles. The late emigrants had not arrived in the country at the time of Bowlegs' death. Mr. Aird met Colonel Rutherford with them about forty miles this side of the Seminoles country. They will therefore be deprived the privilege of meeting their old leader and chief. This has passed away one who has been a terror to the settlers of Florida, and one of the greatest chiefs and Indian warriors of the present day.

Homicide at East New York.—A man named Dennis Kennedy was brought to the City Hospital some days since, in consequence of injuries received on the night of the 11th of April, at his residence, near East New York. He lingered until Monday night, when he died. It appears that some five or six men came to his house in the night after he had retired, and, inducing him to go outside, commenced beating and kicking him in so brutal a manner as to fracture his skull, and inflict other injuries to such an extent that he was left for dead upon the ground. He was taken to his residence and subsequently conveyed to the City Hospital, where he remained in a state of delirium till he died, and unable in the meantime to give an intelligible account of the affair. He was a laborer employed on the water works, and as stated, was of a very quarrelsome disposition, and had numerous difficulties with his fellow-workmen. It is supposed that it was some of these who committed the outrage out of revenge. Two men have been arrested on suspicion, but both are ready with proof to show that they were in another locality at the time. The wife and daughter saw the assailants, but are unable to identify them. A post mortem examination of the remains was made by order of Coroner Horton, and an investigation into the circumstances will be commenced, when all the facts will be inquired into. The parties arrested remain in custody meanwhile to await the result.

Something Like a Preacher.—We were told a story the other day which places the eloquence of Mr. —, the distinguished Baptist minister, in a higher light than we ever have seen it before. It appears that one of his congregation recently lost a very elegant prayer book—whereupon the reverend gentleman preached a powerful sermon against stealing. Next day the penitent thief sent the stolen volume back with an apology for his misdeed. When he reached the east door of the church in Thirty-third street, he went to the clergyman and asked him what he would charge for preaching a powerful sermon against pig stealing, as some fellow had walked off with two fine fat porkers only a week before. The worthy parson laughed. "My good friend, they can't return that—it's eaten long ago!" "But," answered the butcher, "they might have killed some of it!"

A Warning to Serenaders.—A young gentleman of a musical turn of mind one night serenaded his Dulcinea, aided and abetted therein by a party of deluded friends. Next day he visited the serenaded fair one. "Her eyes," he says, "betrayed the fact that she had passed a sleepless night, and, with a palpitating heart, we tendered our hypocritical sympathy. 'Oh, Mr. —,' yawned the lady, 'there was such a noise in the street last night! Some policemen were taking an intoxicated colored man to the station-house, and he screamed and swore so dreadfully, just as they came in front of our door, that the whole neighborhood was aroused. The policemen seemed to expostulate with him in vain, and it must have been an hour before they could get him away.' Just then the gent remembered that he had a sick friend near by, and went to see him at once. He says that he has never sung a note since."

The Fourteenth street Poisoning Case.—Our readers will recollect that this inquest was postponed for a fortnight to enable Dr. Doremus to prepare his report of the analysis of the remains of Fayette Robinson, who died from the effects of a breakfast prepared by Margaret Burke, the Irish servant at Mrs. Beetham's boarding-house. The inquest reassembled on the 20th April, when Dr. Doremus testified that the cause of Robinson's death was arsenic. The coroner then read a letter, duly attested, from Dr. Theodore S. Christ, of Pennsylvania, to the effect that at the request of Mrs. Beetham he once bought six cents worth of arsenic in Fourth avenue, and gave it to her. Mrs. Beetham told him she wanted it to kill rats, which were very troublesome, and she had often used it before. The coroner also said there was some information that a physician in the house last winter had a solution of arsenic, used for acetonical preparations, but he could not learn definitely what became of it. Under these circumstances, and there being a bare possibility that the arsenic might have got into the coffee or sugar by accident, the jury then retired.

After about half an hour's deliberation, the jury rendered the following verdict: "We, the undersigned, the jury duly impanelled to inquire into the causes that produced the deaths of Mrs. Emily Beetham and Mr. Fayette Robinson, late of 59 East Fourteenth street, after hearing the evidence and duly considering the same, do find that the deaths of the aforesaid Emily Beetham and Fayette Robinson were caused by arsenic, but by whom said arsenic was administered is to this jury unknown."

After the verdict had been read, the coroner told Margaret Burke that she might now speak to her sister, and she crossed the room and held an earnest conversation with her in a low tone.

After a brief consultation with Mr. Butman and some other gentlemen, the coroner turned towards Margaret and said, "Margaret, after this verdict, you are at liberty. You can go when you please." Margaret rose, her face beaming with joy. "Thank your honor," she said, and started out of the room. She was recalled to get her pawn-tickets and some other articles taken from her pockets at the time of her arrest, and then went away accompanied by her sister. The verdict seemed to surprise all who heard it.

The Mysterious Hand.—Is it Mrs. Brennan's?—There is a grass-plot, four or five feet wide, about the house, No. 14 Irving place, on the corner of Fifteenth street. On Tuesday afternoon, the children who were at play in the street were startled to see, on the grass, a brown paper parcel, torn enough to disclose human fingers and the back of a hand. The finger nails were fully half an inch long. Under the nails the flesh was lightly discolored, but not so much as is usual in natural death. The fingers were long and taper and clenched, the two smaller ones tightly, the fore and middle fingers hooked. The thumb was covered with the paper, but enough of the back of the hand and arm was visible to show that it was the arm of a woman, and very much attenuated. It seemed to have been separated about midway between the elbow and the wrist. There was no blood to be seen. A crowd gathered about it; a waiting man came out, picked it up with another piece of paper, said it was not worth looking at, called to a man, who had a calico parcel under his arm, to take it away. He took it, and walked down Irving place to Fourteenth street, thence eastward. There appeared to be no special reason why the calico parcel man should take it away. This suggests the case with which a body might be disposed of, by cutting it up and distributing it in parcels wherever it might be convenient to throw them away.

A Colored Mine.—On Saturday, the 2d inst., Madison Gwaltney, of Surry county, Virginia, ploughed up a bottle containing curious descriptions of silver and gold coin, amounting to about three hundred dollars. On Tuesday following, another bottle, containing about the same amount, was brought to light. We have seen three of the pieces. One was an English gold piece, one a Spanish pillar dollar, and the third was a cut piece of silver with the pillars stamped upon it, worth about a dollar. The pillar dollar was dated 1783. There is a legend in Surry that seven bottles containing money were buried about 1812 by a miserly old negro. We conjecture the earth will be well ransacked thereabout for the remaining bottles.

Cheap and Innocent Murder.—The good people of Newburgh amused themselves in a harmless way on Saturday evening last. Being incensed at what they considered the unfair and unparliamentary course taken by Speaker Littlejohn in smothering the Highland county bill, the Newburghers made up an effigy of that officer, which they first suspended on a gallows and then committed to the flames. A crowd of some three or four thousand persons assembled in the public square to behold the execution, and the whole affair was conducted with the dignity of an official murder. No doubt the good people of Newburgh derived a grim satisfaction from thus hanging and burning Speaker Littlejohn; but they did not thereby secure Highland county, nor, we imagine, have they hurt Mr. Speaker Littlejohn; for that gentleman has been hanged and burned in effigy before.

Human Ducks.—The Chicago Herald gives the following remarkable instance of the depravity of ducks: "The vicinity of Heyworth, in this county, is somewhat celebrated for the immense number of ducks which congregate there every spring. A gentleman who lives there informs us that he and his neighbors have lived on duck flesh so long that they have some fear of becoming web-footed. A man named Ben Taffe fattened himself so much by loading his gun and killing ducks with fine shot, that he concluded to see if he could not kill them with coarse whiskey. With that object in view, he came to this city and bought a gallon of what is known by hard drinkers as 'sure death round the corner.' He took it home, soaked a lot of corn in it, and left the corn lying around loose. The ducks swallowed the corn without tasting the whiskey, and the consequence was, that they became dead drunk in a few minutes. They did not recover from their first drunk until Mr. Taffe twisted their heads from their bodies. About fifty of them were victimized in less than an hour."

Sanguinary Affray in Louisville.—The spirit of bloodshed seems lately to have become quite rampant in several of our large cities. At Louisville, on the 17th of April, about five o'clock, officers Tiller and Sale met John Pender, a flatboat pilot, who was in company with Alexander Gilmore, John McGill and Tobey McDonald. The two parties soon fell to blows, and Pender

and Gilmore both drew pistols, firing upon and slightly wounding Tiller. The officers finding that they were outnumbered, called upon a man named Hercules Walker, who came to their assistance armed with a double-barrelled shot gun. Sale then summoned Pender to help him arrest Gilmore and McDonald. Instead of obeying him, he levelled a pistol at Walker, who at once discharged his gun, killing him instantly. A general melee ensued, and shots were freely exchanged. Walker was wounded twice in the leg, and Gilmore received a ball in the leg and another in the arm, while a third grazed his forehead. William Watts, a spectator, was also slightly wounded. Another man received a stray shot in the mouth. It is thought that the wounded men will all recover. McGill and McDonald are under arrest, but Walker, who acted under the direction of the officers, is still at large. Next day evening William Gilmore was shot by officer Charles Sale, on Jefferson street, opposite the Frankfort Railroad depot, but not dangerously wounded. One buck shot entered his right jaw, another his neck, a third his thigh, and a fourth his leg. The weapon was a shot gun, and Sale fired but once. Gilmore ran into a house, and afterwards went home in a hack. The difficulty grew out of the affray on the preceding day, in which Alexander Gilmore, a brother of William, was shot. Sale surrendered himself and was locked up.

Attempt at a Double Suicide.—Officer Clements, of the Twenty-third precinct, was patrolling his beat, he discovered a man on the track of the Hudson River Railroad, in a state of semi-unconsciousness, and took him to the station house. It appeared that his name was Isaac H. Van Cleet, and that his parents reside at 106 East Thirty-third street; that he was a clerk, had been out of employment a long time, became discouraged thereby, and resolved upon self-destruction. He had taken morphine and placed himself upon the railroad track, so that the train, which passed a few minutes after he was picked up, would kill him if the poison did not. His parents were sent for, and medical assistance promptly secured, but he died in the station-house the following morning. He was twenty-seven years of age, and single.

Death of Ex-Governor W. C. Bouck.—Hon. William C. Bouck, of Schoharie, died at his residence on the 19th of April, at the age of seventy-three years. He was for several years member of Assembly, and in 1821 was a State Senator. In 1842 he was elected Governor, and in 1846 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was next appointed Sub-Treasurer of the city of New York, which office he held until 1849. He then retired to a farm which had been in the possession of his father and grandfather since 1755, where he quietly passed his last years amongst the companions of his early manhood.

The International Art Institution.—Last week we visited this gallery, which, we are obliged to say, is one of the best arranged as well as one of the best exhibitions at present open in New York. In number of works it is possibly rather limited, but this is amply made amends for by the exceeding beauty and almost general merit of the whole gallery. The secretary is an exceedingly obliging and genial gentleman, who takes every possible means to afford the information which may be required of him.

We are only enabled in our present notice to point out some of the gems of the exhibition, which we do with some backwardness, as so many of the pictures merit the highest praise that it may possibly seem invidious in us to do so. However, "The Inundation," a painting by Meyer of Bremen, is a wonderful work, both in its exceedingly careful finish and the sound solidity of its manner of handling; this canvas deserves study at the hands of many of our artists, and is for almost unequalled admiration both from the critic and the amateur. One of Oswald Achenbach's large landscapes, "Early Morning," is peculiarly simple and broad in its treatment, as well as masterly in its execution; there are but few of our artists who might be considered fairly above the necessity of taking a lesson from his painter. The "Hagar and Ishmael," the name of whose artist at present slips from our memory, is another fine work, with some magnificent drawing in the limbs of the almost dying boy. And we would point out "The Little Musician," by E. Gesellchap, as one of the most charming examples of thoroughly complete finish we have ever seen; the background is a marvel of careful detail, without its care being in any instance pushed into hardness. We are unable to say anything more at present, if it be not to call attention to the fact that it is the intention of the artists, through the director and secretary of the gallery, to effect a change every month, and a total change every two months in the pictures hung. We intend returning to it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings news to the 9th. It is the most important that has appeared for years. We have noticed the chief points editorially, and give below a brief synopsis.

ENGLAND.

The English Cabinet had decided to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country rather than resign. Lord Derby announced the fact in the House of Commons on the 4th, and in his remarks severely attacked Lord John Russell's course, and characterized Lord Palmerston's recommendation that Russell's amendment be accepted by Ministers as a direct insult. He rejoiced at the generous support his Government had received, and expressed the conviction that there was no coalition in the opposition, and that it would be dissolved the next moment by the conflicting opinions of its various sections. The Cabinet had resolved to dissolve Parliament as soon as the public business permitted, both because they thought the country ought to be consulted at the present crisis and because the interests of peace would suffer from a change of Administration. Mr. Disraeli made a corresponding announcement in the Commons.

In the House of Commons on the 6th, Lord Palmerston defended himself from the imputations cast on him by Ministers, and criticized Lord Derby's course. Sir J. Pakington replied, and reiterated the assertion that Lord Palmerston had made the direct threat that, if the Crown exercised its right to dissolve Parliament, the House might refuse the supplies.

Lord Palmerston had given notice of a question respecting "our foreign relations and the affairs of Europe," but at the urgent request of Mr. Disraeli he postponed it.

No date had been fixed for the dissolution of Parliament. The candidates were flooding the country with addresses to their constituents. Lord Palmerston, in his address, asserts that the simple question at issue is the merits of the Government Reform Bill. He deprecates the action of the Ministers in dissolving Parliament at this critical juncture in European affairs. Other speeches were also made on the subject.

On the 8th, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury said that he hoped to be able to make a statement to the House before the prorogation, which would show that the Government had done all it could to preserve the peace of Europe. Earl Malmesbury's remarks are construed into an admission that there is no hope for peace.

The fight between Sayers and Paddock, for the championship of England, came off on the 5th inst. Over a thousand persons assembled to witness it. After a series of rounds, occupying twelve and a half minutes, Sayers was declared the victor—thus retaining the championship.

BREAST, April 2.—The trial of the members of the Phoenix Society resulted, like the first, in a disagreement and discharge of the jury. The prisoners were held over till next Assizes, on renewing their bail.

FRANCE.

The movement of troops and war material in France continues on a large scale.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says that about 25,000 men are on their way to reinforce the army of Lyons.

The feeling that war is inevitable prevails at the French Foreign Office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries.

Count D'avour is reported to have said that he could at any time apply the match to the materials of conflagration at his command, and force France to join him.

The Daily News correspondent says orders have been sent to Toulon that sixty-eight vessels, which have been long preparing there, should be ready to put to sea at a day's notice, if required. Eight vessels have been ordered at once from Brest to Toulon.

All Marseilles vessels in the Adriatic are returning home, considering those waters unsafe, and that no freights from Trieste are now to be had.

In the London evening papers of the 4th inst. we find the following important news:

The London Times Paris correspondent says a letter from Lyons states that an army of 60,000 men would soon be encamped in that vicinity.

A second letter corroborates the intelligence, and says that a French army of 60,000 men has been ordered to the frontiers of Piedmont, and that this measure was only decided on late Friday evening.

A Paris despatch of Monday morning says the French Government has taken fresh steps to procure the admission of Piedmont, of which there appears, however, to be no hope. The Piedmontese Government is now preparing another expostulatory manifesto against its definitive exclusion from the Congress.

AUSTRIA.

An analysis is published of Count Bulo's reply to the Russian proposal for the Congress. He declares the whole difficulty is to be found in the policy of Piedmont, and regards the Congress as the means of putting an end to the danger with which she threatens Europe. If Piedmont will disarm, Austria will do likewise.

Advices from Milan state that the following order of the day has been posted in the barracks in that town:

"Austrian Soldiers, the Emperor calls you round his banners to beat down for the third time the price of Piedmont—to expel from their den those fanatics who destroy the tranquility of Europe. Advance against the enemies who have always fled before you. Remember the victories of 1818 and 1849—remember Novara, where your foes were dispersed and annihilated. Let our watchword be *Vive l'Impérator*, our rights for ever."

The Vienna correspondent of the Times telegraphs as follows:

The long expected crisis is at hand. A corps of fifty thousand men goes from this city to Italy to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of six thousand men is to be assembled here. A reserve corps of seventy thousand men will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy and of the corps about to leave this city have been called in.

SARDINIA.

The London Morning Post publishes a long and important memorandum presented by the Sardinian Government to that of Great Britain, on the condition of Italy. It is dated Turin, March 1st, and is in answer to interpellations of the English Government. It points out the chance by which the danger of

war or a revolution would be warded off, and the Italian question at least temporarily solved. It is now asserted that Count Cavour is anything but satisfied with the result of his trip to Paris, and has lost confidence in the fulfilment of his hopes.

ITALY.

The correspondent of the *Times* at Rome says that the general opinion there is that the Congress will simply delay war, but cannot prevent it, because it will not effectually settle the Italian question.

It is confidently stated that neither the Papal Government nor the King of Naples will send representatives to the Congress.

The *Independence Belge* says that the King of Naples is rapidly sinking. Other accounts represent him as better, but not out of danger. The latest telegram says five of his physicians have declared him incurable.

The Papal Government is preparing an official note relative to the proposed Congress, to be addressed to the Great Powers.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian press still endeavors to show that Germany is in nowise concerned in the Italian question, which, it declares, does not affect German interests. Two Prussian journals, which have relations in Governmental circles, the *Weekly Journal* and the *National Gazette*, attack the Austro-Italian treaties as openly violating the stipulations and guarantees of the great European treaties, and they demand the abrogation of them for the sake of Italy and Europe.

Advices state that the Prussian Government intends demanding from the Chamber a credit of twelve millions of thalers for increasing the navy and improving the defences of the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea.

INDIA.

The famous Russell of the *Times* thus writes: "We have heard nothing of Tania Tope. The brigades from Agra and Meerut have now joined in the chase. He is moving about in any direction in which he can ascertain there are no pursuers, and has pressed on towards the deserts of Rajpootana. He was last reported on the frontiers of Joudpur and Bikaner, as if moving to the road through the great desert towards Bhawalpur and the Indus. We have received intelligence from England that Tania Tope and the Nana of Bhopal are the same, or that it is the Nana, under the name of Tania, who is giving all this trouble in the centre of India. This is merely one of the ridiculous fables which are produced in the hotbeds of the Indian bazaar, and seized on by foolish quiddnances. Tania is quite a separate identity from the Nana, and has a few of the other rebel chiefs with him, particularly Feroze Shah, one of the Delhi royal family. He and Tania boldly marched as near the Delhi territory as they could, hoping to raise followers and encourage the Mohammedans to try once more to make head against the English; but this proving a failure, he and Tania were obliged to retreat in the direction above noted.

"There still remain a few bands of rebels in the Behar provinces. They wander from the jungles of Palamow to Monghyr, on the spurs of the Rajmahal hills, towards the Ganges. They appear to be endeavoring to cross and join the other rebels in the northern forests. They probably have some doomed leader with them whom they cannot desert; they cause an alert at the different stations on their line, but this must soon end."

MEXICO.

The Liberal party in Mexico are in ecstasies over the recognition of the Juarez Government by the American minister, Mr. McLane. President Juarez made a most grateful speech in response to Mr. McLane's remarks, in presenting his credentials, and he immediately ceased to be issued a circular to all the Governors of the Provinces, announcing to them the important fact that his Government had been solemnly recognized by the American Ambassador.

VENEZUELA.

Things remain much as they were before the arrival of General Paez. General Paez has not left Valencia. General Jose M. Zamora was, on the 17th, actively engaged against the rebels in the province of Barcelona. The province of Maturin was in arms, pursuing the sons of Sotillo. The Coro rebels, under date of Feb. 26, issued circulars to the Governors of all the States, inviting their co-operation.

The names of the persons forming the Provisional Rebel Government are given in this document as General Juan C. Falcon, Antonio Leocadio Guzman, Dr. Jose Manuel Garcia, Napoleon Sebastian Arteaga and Jose Gabriel Ochoa. Ochoa was killed in the fight with General Cordero, and Arteaga was taken prisoner. The Government appears to be making satisfactory headway against the rebels.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Government of Portugal has authorized the free admission of Indian corn. Russia has effected a loan of \$60,000,000. By way of Russia it is reported that a famine was prevailing in the southern part of China. New gold fields of fair promise had been discovered near Melbourne. There was much activity in the shipment of gold. Over a million sterling was en route to England.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

"O Rare Ben Jonson!"—The anathema pronounced by Ben Jonson's friend, William Shakespeare, against those who disturbed his bones seems to have been lost upon those who attended the re-interment of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon's remains in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of March, since we read in the *London Times*: "This solemnity, which the medical profession have been looking forward to with great interest, took place on Tuesday in Westminster Abbey. The coffin, which had been deposited in the abbey on Saturday evening, was re-interred on the north side of the nave, between Wilkie and Ben Jonson (the skull of the latter being freely handed about.) There was, of course, no service read over the grave. Arrived at the grave, the coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, where it was inspected by the crowd assembled, amounting to about six hundred, amongst whom were several ladies. The subscriptions for a statue to Hunter already amount to six hundred pounds." An interesting relic, the skull of the friend of Shakespeare, and the author of Catiline and those noble Masques, being handed from one to another. How it reminds one of the skull of Yorick in the hand of Hamlet.

Charity and Vanity; or, the Ruling Passion Strong in Death.—Miss Jane Clark, of Regent street, the celebrated Court milliner, who died recently, had amassed a large fortune. Her property (including pictures) is estimated at £80,000, the principal portion of which is left to the various charities of the metropolis. Miss Clarke directed that she should be interred in plain lace. This vanity is like that of Mrs. Oldfield the actress, satirized by Pope:

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Snow Storm in London.—There has been a severe snow storm in London on the 30th March, which led to many accidents. Persons losing their footing, and owing to the blinding effects of the snow flakes several were run over by the stages and carriages. With this exception the winter has been as mild there as here.

A Negligent Parson.—Some little consternation was caused among a congregation in a small town in West Sussex, some few Sundays since by the absence of the vicar. At the usual hour for prayers the good people of that town had assembled in the church, and the hour for the commencement of the service arrived, but there was no clergyman to be found. At length a clergyman of the Church of England, who happened to be among the congregation, stepped into the vestry, and with the assistance of the clerk, was enveloped in the surplice and read the service. The congregation departed, still wondering what accident could have befallen the vicar. The mystery was not cleared up until the afternoon, when the reverend gentleman drove into the town and alighted at the house of a lady. "Oh I am so glad to see you, sir," exclaimed the lady, "we were afraid that some accident had happened to you, or that you were ill." "Ill?" replied the reverend pastor, "I was never better in my life. Why did you suppose I was ill?" "Because you were not at church this morning," was the reply. "Bless me!" exclaimed the astonished vicar, as the circumstance flashed across his memory, "I entirely forgot it."

A Fox Hunting Circumstance.—A correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* writes: "Not many weeks since the Bishop of Durham had a number of foxes conveyed to his establishment at Bishop Auckland from Inverness-shire. They were in boxes, and after they arrived at the station one of them, not being satisfied with his confinement and travelling expedition, gave vent to his impatience by barking. The bark attracted the attention of the bystanders, and it took some management on the part of the railway officials to make the sly gentleman silent. This singular circumstance caused several very curious comments."

A Most Remarkable Case.—Mrs. Ann Jones, a widow, aged eighty-eight, committed suicide by cutting her throat. From the evidence of Jane Ann Cutmore, it appeared that she resided with deceased, at 39 York street, Lambeth. On Thursday morning about three o'clock, she was aroused from her sleep by hearing the deceased, who slept in the same room, moan, as if in pain. She asked her what was the matter, when she replied, "I am cutting my throat." Witness quickly got out of bed and went to deceased's bed, but on feeling the clothes found she was not there, and it being dark she could not at first perceive her, but on groping about she discovered her seated in a chair with a knife in her hand, which she snatched from her, but with which deceased had inflicted a wound in her throat.

Charles Summers, police constable 6 L, stated that he was called to the house and found the deceased as described, and on asking her why she had committed the act, she said, "You might as well have stopped over longer while I finished this work." He found the penknife with which she had cut her throat. She was without delay taken to the hospital. Mr. Adair, the house surgeon of the hospital said deceased was brought in with a most frightful gash in her throat, and her dress was saturated with blood. Every means was used to restore

her, but she expired in a few hours from the effects of the wound. The deceased, when brought in, told him that she thought she must have been mad to commit such an act. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

Music and Drama.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are amusing the classic dwellers in Shoreditch at the Standard, while the Drury Lane Opera company (to make room for Italian) have migrated with William and Susan to Sadler's Wells. Mr. Creswick and Miss Eaworthy are showing their tragic talents off to the transpontines at the Surrey; and Mr. Charles Mathews and his wife are nightly playing Dazle and Lady Gay Spanker in Bourcicault's "London Assurance."

The two rival managers of the Italian Opera companies are still squabbling; and, as the dispute has become personal, it may give some employment to the gentlemen of the wig and gown. Both, however, are meanwhile doing their utmost to obtain the palm of excellence upon their opening night, Covent Garden opening on Tuesday, April 2, with Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—the part of Leonora by Signora Lotti, that of the Conte di Luna by Debassani, assisted by Tagliacozzi, Neri, Baraldi, Lucchesi and Mdlle. Didier.

Charles Kean had chosen "Henry V." as the closing triumph of his management. His performance of the gallant victor over the French was excellent. We may mention as some index to the popular opinion, that every line in that famous play which tells against the French is vehemently applauded. It is the intention of Queen Victoria to confer a baronetcy on him after his retirement from the stage. He will be the first actor ever dignified by the crown.

British Heroes.—There is something painfully ludicrous in this little bit of police intelligence taken from an English paper. This is the stuff of which "brute force" is composed:

Daniel Gavin, Robert Hayes and Eugene Dinan, rough country lads, were charged with being deserters from the Royal Artillery. Sergeant John McNeill said—"I enlisted these men and two others for the Royal Artillery on the 1st of March, in the Eagle beer-shop, Shoreditch. They left that night and came next morning to pass the doctor, but it was too late, and I desired them to attend the following day, but I never saw them afterwards until last evening, when in custody."

Townsend, 6 H—"I took the prisoners, from description, last night in White-chapel. They at first denied taking the shilling, but afterwards said they were deserters."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"What do you say to this?"

Gavin—"I was drunk."

Hayes—"And so were I and he (Dinan)."

Dinan—"You see this here sger ax'd one of the chaps if he was willing to serve Majesty Queen, the chap says 'Aye,' and then sger shies he a shilling, and afterwards shies each a shilling all round, w/out axing. There be two chaps as keeps a stall outside the shop who can prove it."

Sergeant—"This statement is false; all of you were quite sober, and I can prove it."

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"Are you willing to join now?"

Prisoners—"No, we don't want to follow drum. When we saw sger next day, we wanted him take shilling back, but he said 'No, that won't do for me.'"

Mr. D'Eyncourt—"I am inclined to believe that you did enlist, but if you can prove the fact of being in liquor at the time it may serve your purpose, therefore I will give you an opportunity." Remanded.

Going to Wait for Warm Weather.—A droll thing occurred at London lately. A young man named Le Roy undertook to drown himself in the Regent's Canal. He lay in the grass and rolled himself into the water. He was seen, and his rescue attempted. But he crept out before he was seized, and said he wanted to die, but the water was so cold, so very cold, he could not stay in it!

A Valuable Quarter of a Minute.—A London paper reports a singular incident that occurred at Lloyd's. On a morning on which the Thalia foundered, an underwriter in the act of writing his name for £500 on the insurance of this vessel, when a friend in the room strolled from the place where the notices of casualties are posted, and accidentally remarked to him, "The Thalia's gone, I see." This was sufficient to stop his pen. A quarter of a minute later, and his company would probably have lost the £500.

IRELAND.

Death of the Marquis of Waterford.—This national calamity took place whilst his lordship was hunting with his own hounds. The meet was at Castle Morris, county of Kilkenny, and more than one chase had taken place, when at Corbally, midway between Castle Morris and Carrick-on-Suir, in leaping a small fence, half bank, half wall, not much more than two feet high, the marquis's horse missed its footing on the bank, and dropped his forelegs into a small rut on the other side, which threw the animal on its knees, so that his lordship fell over on his head, apparently without much violence. He lay on his face, his hunting cap having a dent on the top, but there was no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was placed in a sitting position, but he was found to be entirely unconscious, and never afterwards spoke. He lived for about ten minutes, and the only sign of life given was that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, however, Dr. O'Ryan, of Carrick-on-Suir, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance, and pronounced life to be extinct. Death resulted from concussion of the brain.

FRANCE.

Proposed Enlargement of Paris.—By an imperial decree Paris is about to become a colossal city. In its actual limits there are at present 1,174,316 souls; the suburbs contain 351,159 inhabitants; so that the future population, when Paris is extended, is at once raised to 1,525,475. Paris was already the most populous city on the Continent. Vienna has only 475,000; St. Petersburg, 550,000; Berlin, 430,000; Madrid, 260,000; Lisbon, 284,000; Naples, 480,000; Constantinople, 550,000; Milan, 160,000. London is the only European city more populous than Paris will be when the change of limits is effected—but London is nearly doubly so.

The Fortune-Teller Sold.—It is said that in Paris just now the attraction of the wonderful and the unknown is a thirst so ardent and devouring for many a weak mortal, that a certain pythoness, who has established her sorcery shop in the Faubourg Saint Germain, is absolutely overrun with visitors, of whom not a few belong to the refined and intelligent class. The other evening this somnambulist and the prodigies which she is said to have accomplished became the subject of conversation in an elegant Parisian drawing-room. The mistress of the house, herself a warm partisan of the gipsy, observed that one gentleman present listened to the strange stories related of the fortune-teller's wonderful powers, without either giving in his adhesion or intimating his incredulity. Much intrigued by this attitude of non-commitment, the lady at last turned to the silent listener with the remark,

"I suppose you don't believe these stories, Captain?"

"Well, madam," replied the other, "I do not intend to explain that which may be inexplicable; but I look upon the marvellous much in the same light as did Sir Thomas."

"That is to say," returned the lady, "in order to believe, you must first see? Very good; accompany me to-morrow, and you shall see, you shall hear, you shall judge for yourself."

"May I be permitted to take an active part in the trial?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will be most happy to be convinced."

The next day the two visited the sorceress in her den.

"I am about to be married," said the gentleman, without further preface, "I should like you to plunge your investigating eye upon my person, and inform me if my sanitary state is satisfactory; if no deformity exists; if no loss has occurred."

The somnambulist, after closely scrutinizing her interrogator, replied, "I see nothing in you, sir, to cause the slightest anxiety."

"Look carefully."

"I have done so."

"The box is sound and unhurt?"

"Perfectly."

"No imperfections?"

"None whatever."

"You hear, madam?" said the gentleman, turning to the lady who had suggested the experiment. "It appears to me almost time to put an end to this nonsense." Then addressing the somnambulist, he continued, "I am Captain V. I have left a leg in Africa, and a hand in the Crimea. Look!" And the officer stamped upon the floor with his false foot, and rapped upon the table with a mechanical hand, neatly gloved.

Thereupon the somnambulist observed that she felt very unwell that morning, begged her visitors to excuse her, and disappeared.

Dumas Once More.—Dumas, the incomparable, has returned to Paris full of romance—some say he has fourteen ready of six hundred pages each, written on the back of the love letters he has received during his nine months' travels in Russia and Circassia. When Dumas was on the point of leaving this odd country, etiquette required that he should bid adieu to the prince by rubbing noses with him. Dumas requested permission to go through the same ceremony with the prince, but was informed that it was not the custom. So he rubbed his own nose, in some disappointment.

How the Empress Amuses Herself.—At the Tuilleries the small receptions continue. The Empress has wisely reserved the Tuesdays in Lent for her intimate acquaintance, and it is therefore a mark of distinction to be invited. At these small parties the amusements are simple and unpretending enough. The Empress delights in those *petits jeux innocens* (a misnomer, by-the-by), which used in bygone times to delight our grandmothers, and which form so large an element in the intrigue of every novel of fashionable life a century ago. When, where, and how? The "Travelers" and sundry other quiet games begin the evening, and, after a certain hour, more lively ones succeed; such as "La Mer est agitée," or "La Toilette de la Marée," until, at last, a little romping is permitted, and the whole winds up with the "Chat Perché," or "La Guerre Fan-par"—games which have been tolerated at the French Court ever since the days of Louis Quatorze, consecrated by time and the patronage not only of royalty, but of prudery likewise, as even Madame de Maintenon encouraged and approved them for the sake of the distraction they afforded to the King.

The Empress, whose lively manners and youthful spirits are continually compressed by the necessities of Court etiquette, here finds herself at liberty, and enjoys the games exceedingly. It would rather surprise some of the English Court dignitaries to behold the physical agility with which the "oldest inhabitant" of the Tuilleries, the gravest and most revered senior of all, leads

the brawl on these occasions. The bon-mots of the latter are so good, the puns he utters so ingenious, that it is said the Académie would not understand them, nor their own fathers recognise them, when once they have been newly dressed up and christened by him.

ITALY.

The criminal cases which have been submitted to the criminal tribunal of Rome during 1858 have risen to 3,548. The statement of this increase has been submitted to the Pope, and so inveterate is the habit of adulation common to the Romish press, that the official journal says, "His Holiness has deigned to receive this statement with proofs of his sovereign satisfaction."

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2496, N. Y. P. O.

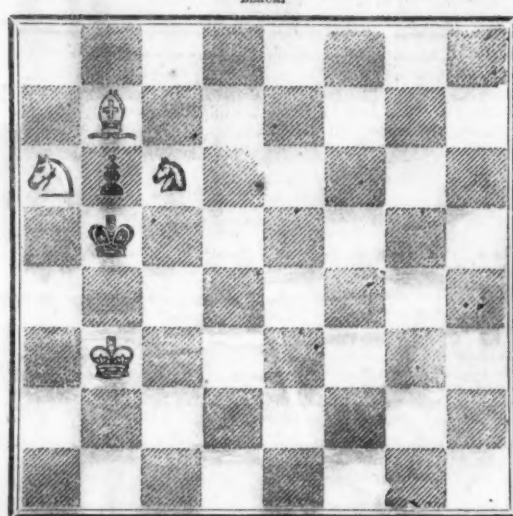
NEW BOOK OF PROBLEMS.—Provided a subscription list can be obtained sufficient to pay the expense of publication, it is in contemplation to issue, during the present year, a large collection of Chess problems by American composers. The book will be under the editorship of Eugene B. Cook and W. R. Henry; it will contain one thousand positions upon diagrams two and a half inches square, and the price will not exceed two dollars. The names of subscribers should be sent to W. R. Henry, box 1120, New York city. Composers who wish their productions to appear to the best advantage are requested to forward their latest versions to the same address. The editors would like also to publish the real name of the composer in every case, and to give the proper credit to the periodical in which each problem originally appeared.

LOCKPORT CHESS CLUB.—On Wednesday evening last the Lockport Chess Club was formed and the first meeting held. The following are the names of the officers: President, James Ferguson; Vice President, Sullivan Caverno; Secretary, Charles J. Maginnis; Treasurer, A. R. Ferguson. There are about twenty members in the Club. Any person desirous of becoming a member can make application to either of the officers, or of any of the following gentlemen composing the standing committee on new members: S. Caverno, A. W. Braze and S. A. Charles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P. C. C. N. Y. Solution received.—D. W. W., Troy University, N. Y. Have sent you the regulations, &c., of the Brooklyn Chess Club. They are simple and practical.—J. K., Delaware. Have sent the required information by mail.

PROBLEM No. 193.—By E. B. Cook. White to play and mate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

THREE GAMES BETWEEN MESSRS. ROBERTS AND FRANKLIN, of California.

FIRST GAME.

BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.
1 P to K4	P to K4	16 P to K5	Kt to Q Kt 3
2 P to K B4	P to Q4	17 B to Q B3	Q to K2
3 P to Q P	P to K5	18 P to K5	Q Kt to B3
4 Q Kt to B3	K Kt to B3	19 P to K Kt 4	K to R q
5 P to Q3	B to Q Kt 5	20 P to Q Kt 3	Q to Q B 6 (ch)
6 B to Q2	P to K6	21 Kt to Kt q	Q Kt to Q Kt 5
7 B to K P	Castles	22 B to K5	Q Kt to R5
8 B to Q2	R to K q (ch)	23 P to K B5	Kt to Q B 6 (ch)
9 K B to K2	B to Q B4	24 K R to K Kt 3	Q Kt to R5
10 Kt to Q R4 (bad)	B to K Kt	25 R to K5	Q Kt to R5
11 R to B3	Kt to K P	26 P to K6	Q R to Q q
12 Kt to B3	B to K Kt 5	27 R to K5	R to R q
13 Kt to K4	B to B3	28 P to K7	R to K q
14 Q to B3	P to K B4	29 P to K Kt 5	Q to Q B 4 and wins.
15 Castles on Q side	P to Kt		

SECOND GAME.

WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.
1 P to K4	P to K3	13 Q to K2	Castles on Q side
2 P to Q4	P to Q4	14 Kt to Q Kt 3	Q R to K q
3 P to K P	P to K5	15 Kt to Q B 6	P to K Kt 4
4 B to K3	Kt to K B3	16 P to Q R4	B to K5
5 B to Q3	B to K3	17 B to K Kt 5	Kt to Q R P
6 P to K R3	P to Q B3	18 Kt to K5	Kt to P at Q B 5
7 Kt to K B3	P to K R3	19 B to K Kt P	Q Kt to R5
8 P to Q R3	B to Q3	20 P to Kt 5	Q to K2
9 Q Kt to Q2	Q Kt to Q2	21 Q Kt to Kt P	B to K B4
10 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 4	22 P to Q B6	B to K B4
11 P to Q B3	Kt to Q Kt 3	23 Castles	R to B3, resigns.
12 R to Q B sq	Q to Q B2		Last move a mistake.

THIRD GAME.

BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.	BLACK. Mr. R.	WHITE. Mr. F.
1 P to K4	P to Q B4	21 Q to Q B3	P to Q R4
2 Kt to K B3	P to K3	22 P to Q B5	R to Q Kt sq
3 P to Q B3	P to Q4	23 B to Q2	R to K Kt 4
4 P to K P	P to K5	24 Q to Q B sq	Q Kt to Q
5 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to Q B3	25 K R to K5	R to Q q
6 P to Q4	P to Q R3	26 B to Q3	P to K R3
7 B to Kt	P to K5	27 R to B2	K to B2
8 B to K3	P to Q B5	28 Q R to Kt sq	K R to Q Kt sq
9 Castles	Kt to K B3	29 K R to Q B2	P to K Kt 4
10 Kt to K5	Q to B2	30 K to K3	K to K3
11 Kt to Q2	B to Q2	31 K R to Q Kt 2	B to Q4
12 P to K B4	Castles	32 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R5
13 P to K R3	Kt to K5	33 P to Q R3	R to K B3
14 Kt to Kt	P to Kt	34 R to K R sq	R to Q Kt 2
15 Kt to Kt	P to K B4	35 B to Q2	K to K2
16 Kt to Kt	Q Kt to K	36 K to K B sq	B to Q B4
17 P to Q B4	B to K3	37 K to Q B sq	B to Q4
18 P to Q Kt 3	Q R to Q sq	38 K to K B2	K to K P
19 Q to Q2	Q to Q R6	39 R to Q B3	

Declared a drawn game. This was done to prevent White taking all the next day to consider on his move.

A Safe Conclusion.—When two women quarrel, you may be sure that one of them is in error at least.

Uses of Adversity.—You wear out your old clothes; you are not troubled with many visitors; you are exonerated from making calls; bore do not bore you; spongers cannot haunt your table; itinerant bands do not play opposite your window; you avoid the nuisance of serving on juries; no one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial; no tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day?" begging letter-writers leave you alone; impostors know it is useless to bleed you; you practice temperance; you swallow infinitely less poison than others; you are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache; and, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it.

True Idea of Poetry.—Poetry (says Carlyle), were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the utmost which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes his character from these. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being, and, historically considered, is the best test how far music or freedom existed therein—how far the feeling of love, of beauty and dignity could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and of the universe, internal and external.



THE TOMB OF GOVERNOR TRUMBULL, LEBANON, CONN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY LORD GAY.

LEBANON, CONNECTICUT.

LEBANON at present contains about two thousand inhabitants. It is an agricultural town, and some of the finest farms in New England are to be found near it. The hospitality of the inhabitants of Lebanon is almost proverbial.

No town in the Union contributed to a greater extent towards a successful issue of the war of the Revolution than Lebanon, Connecticut. It furnished, in proportion to its inhabitants, a very large number of troops (five hundred being in the field at one time), and the name of Trumbull will live so long as the heroes of the Revolution continue to be remembered.

Here was the residence of the first Governor Trumbull, the chief adviser and right-hand man of Washington, who was in the habit of

advising with him upon all important plans, and so close was the intimacy that when any important matter was to be decided, the remark was common that Washington could not decide until he consulted Brother Jonathan, and from this circumstance the Yankees derived their cognomen of Brother Jonathan. The house in which the first Governor Trumbull lived is still standing, and, as will be seen in the engraving, is still in good repair. In this house were lodged at one time Washington, Lafayette, Count Rochambeau and others, and it is believed that here was laid the plan for the siege of Yorktown, which resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

The house is still standing which was kept as a tavern during the Revolution, and in which General Prescott was confined as a prisoner of war. A lady by the name of Alden was hostess at that time, of

whom the following story is told. One day she carried the General his dinner, which consisted of succotash, when the General took the dish and looking at it a moment exclaimed, with an oath, that he would not eat such food, and immediately threw it in her face. Her son, who was coming in at the time, saw what had been done and left the room, but quickly returned, having in his hand a large whip, which he laid on the back and legs of the General with such a hearty good will that the General went down on his knees before the boy and begged his forgiveness.

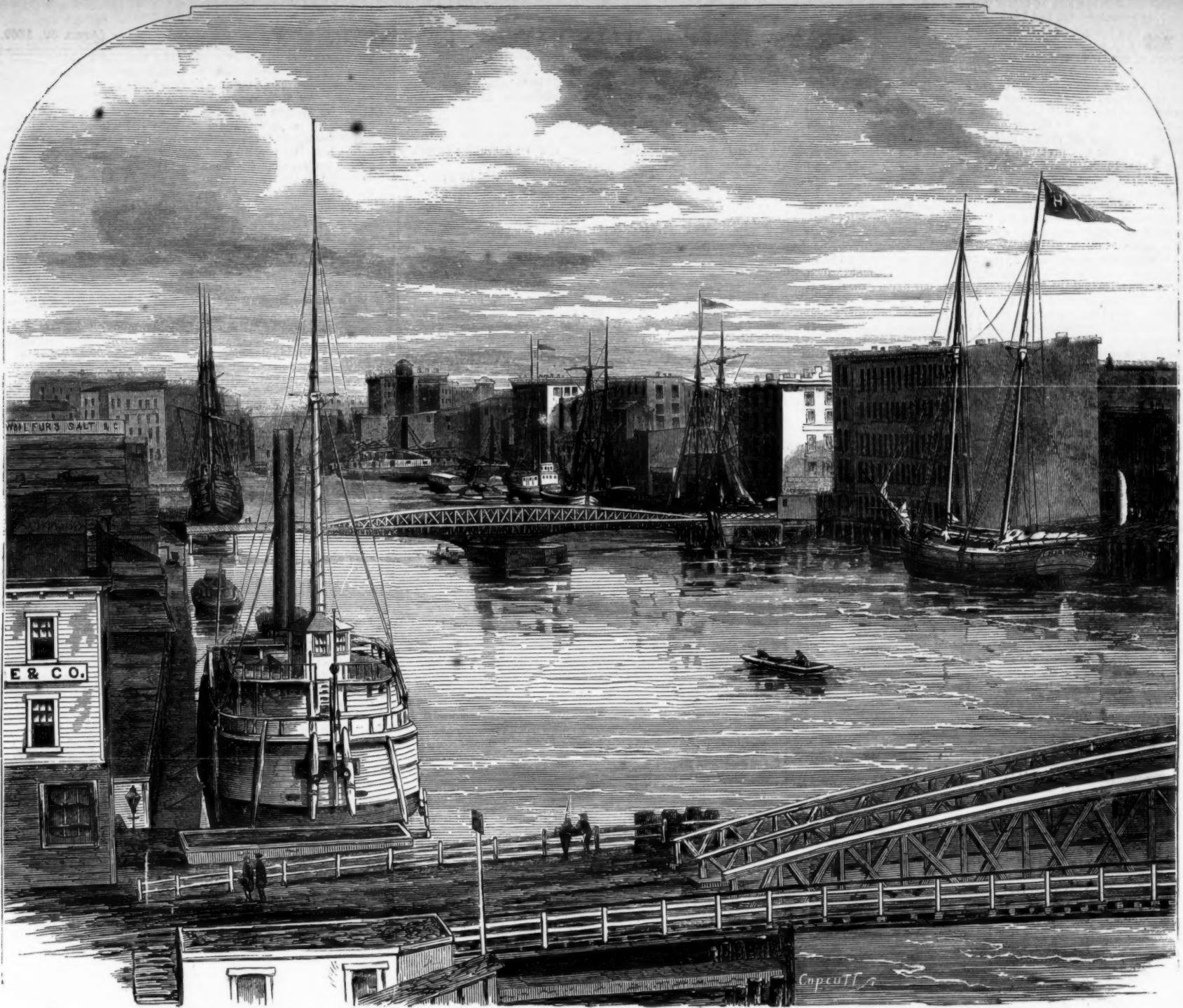
A few rods north of the Governor's house stands the old War Office of the Revolution. A few years since the counters were taken out, and on them were the marks of spurs made by horsemen while waiting for their despatches.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL WASHINGTON QUARTERED WHILE IN LEBANON, CONN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY LORD GAY.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LAFAYETTE QUARTERED WHILE IN LEBANON, CONN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY LORD GAY.



THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL, CONNECTING CHICAGO AND THE WEST WITH THE HEAD WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A regiment of French troops were quartered here, and the lot in which their barracks were erected still bears that name, and while they were here one of their number was shot for desertion. A circumstance occurred here about half a century since, which is probably still remembered by many of the old persons in different parts of the country. This was the Meeting-house Feud. The inhabitants in the north part of the town were not satisfied with the location of the church, and not being able to agree upon its removal, the leading men from the north part of the town marched down to the church, armed with axes and crowbars, and commenced the work of demolition, which did not cease until it was levelled with the ground. The lower section of the town commenced a suit against the leaders of the riot, and heavy damages were received. The present brick church was erected on the site of the old one, and the steeple is considered one of the finest proportioned of any in the State. The plan was the work of Colonel John Trumbull, the distinguished painter, who was likewise a native of this town. Lebanon has the honor of having raised six Governors. The first was Jonathan Trumbull, who was Washington's right-hand man; the second was the first Governor's nephew, whose name was also Jonathan Trumbull; the third was the first Governor's grandson, Joseph Trumbull, and is still living, a resident of Hartford. All three were Governors of Connecticut. Next in order came Clark Bissel, who was Governor of Connecticut; then Ebenezer Dewey, who was Governor of the State of Wisconsin, and lastly, but not least, comes W. A. Buckingham, who is present Governor of Connecticut.

About half a mile from the brick church is the burying ground, in which stands the Trumbull tomb, a view of which we engrave. It is believed that the remains of more revolutionary worthies repose in this burying ground than in any other in the Union. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, two Governors, a Commissary General, and a great number of revolutionary veterans were buried here.

The house which General Washington made his headquarters while in Lebanon is still standing. Some of the paper that was on the wall in the bedroom where he slept is on now. It was made to represent the arms of the United States, the Goddess of Liberty on one side and the Goddess of Plenty on the other side.

CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

No city in the United States has of late years increased so rapidly, both in wealth and population, as the city of Chicago, Illinois.

It is built on an extremely level plain, which is, however, sufficiently elevated to prevent inundation.

The country around is of the most varied and beautiful description, consisting of beautiful and fertile prairies, interspersed with clumps of timber, and diversified by gentle slopes.

The city is divided into three parts by the Chicago river and its branches, which unite about three miles from the Lake Michigan, upon the south-western shore of which Chicago is situated.

Through the largest chain of lakes in the world, Chicago is connected with all the principal Atlantic cities; and by means of the Illinois and Michigan canal the water communication is extended to the Mississippi river, and thence to all the regions of the South.

The centre of a perfect network of railroads, by which the rich

mineral fields of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa are reached, and alike favored both by nature and art, it would, indeed, be wonderful if the city of Chicago were not prosperous.

A slight glance at statistical tables will show its rapid growth: In the year 1831 the population was one hundred; in 1840, five thousand; in 1850, thirty thousand; three years later, over sixty thousand; and now the returns show a population of over ninety thousand.

The city of Chicago is laid out in rectangular blocks, the streets running nearly north and south, east and west. The shores of the lake and the northern parts of the city are occupied with handsome private residences.

Most of the business is transacted on the south side of the river, where are also to be found the docks, shipping and warehouses.

Among the principal buildings we may mention the Court House, the Merchants' Exchange, the Marine Hospital, the Medical College, and the Second Presbyterian Church.

There are nearly seventy churches in the city, belonging to various denominations, ten banks, and twenty-five printing offices, from which issue some of the best weekly and daily papers in the Union.

The amount of business carried on at Chicago is very great, many of its commission houses import directly from Europe, and vessels have been built and despatched from its port to Liverpool.

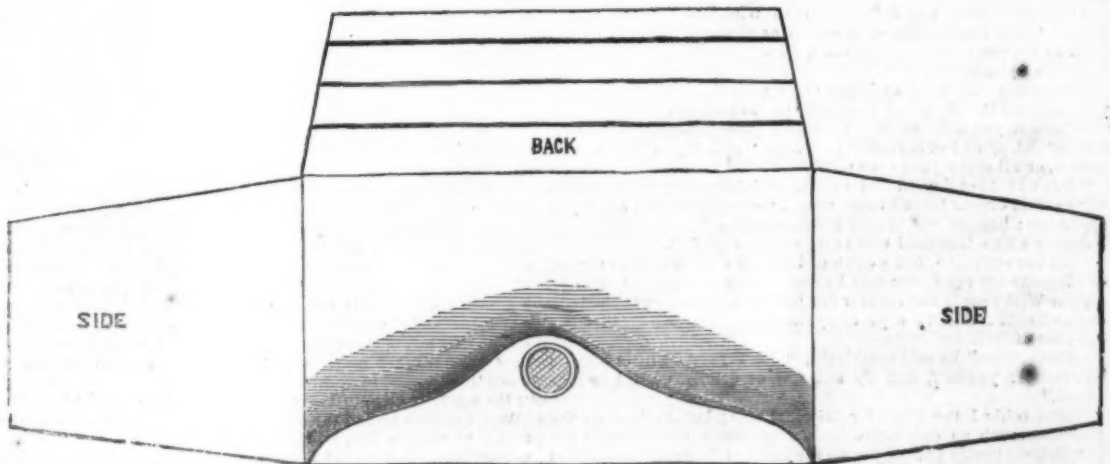
The trade in lumber is immense, and the grain market is the largest in the world. Our illustration, taken from a photograph by a Chicago artist, is a view of the canal, having the large lake steamers and other craft lying alongside the wharves.

THE NEW SELF-RULING ENVELOPE.

We have already, as the reader will see by taking a look at our illustration, envelopes which rule themselves; next we shall expect to have letters which will become written of their own accord—an epistolary Canaan, be it here said, in passing, almost too blissful to look forward to. Seriously, the very ingenious invention of which we pictorially present an idea was the cause of a droll mystification to a friend of ours lately, an account of which is contained in his letter now lying open on the table before us. We subjoin the most striking portions of this singular epistle:

"A friend who called upon me lately left on my desk a package of envelopes, which, he said, were from the manufactory of G. F. Nesbitt, of this city. Having rather a large stock of the article on hand at the time, I took but little notice of this superfluous package, and, after my friend's departure, pushed it carelessly aside in a pile of unsorted papers.

"The next day, however, I had occasion to write a letter, which I desired to look more presentable than my usual calligraphic outpourings. The letter I finished to my partial satisfaction; but when it came to that *prima facie* evidence of genteel correspondence, an elegant superscription, I found that I had still an obstacle to overcome. A broken rest, same disagreeable business which I had been forced to go through with in the morning, and a general state of flurry had not combined to give me a very steady hand. Whether I should be able to write anything legible was as yet an unsolved



SELF-RULING ENVELOPE.

problem. The spoiling of three or four stamped envelopes proved that my presentiments had been too well founded. At this juncture my eye was attracted to the rejected package, which lay in tempting proximity to my writing-desk. Abstracting a specimen from this bunch of really superior white envelopes, I prepared to essay my nerve-twisted hand upon it. Before doing so, however, the expedient resorted to by the ladies for the securing of those elegant superscriptions for which their correspondence is remarkable—the insertion of heavy ruled black lines behind the face of the envelope—occurred to me. No sooner had this idea presented itself to my mind than, as if by magic, three parallel lines sprang across the envelope under the pressure of my hand! The involuntary start which now communicated itself to my nerves caused me to drop my pen, and, in the act, one more envelope was numbered among the things useless. Taking another from the same package, I proceeded to inscribe thereon the address, which seemed fated never to reach completion. But no sooner did I place my hand upon it than the same phenomenon was again visible. There were the three black lines again, as distinctly drawn across the white surface of the paper as it is possible to imagine. At first I thought some one had intended to use the envelope before, but, neglecting to do so, had thrown it on one side, leaving the black lines still in their place; so, thrusting my fingers into the envelope, I felt about for the forgotten piece of paper—I failed to discover the object of my search. Another attempt at addressing the envelope resulted in apparition No. 3 of the mysterious lines. Not a little nettled—nay, startled, for at this instant a horrible suspicion flashed upon me—I jumped to my feet, I tore the envelope in pieces, and threw it upon the floor. Now the mystery was solved! The envelopes left by my discriminating friend were of a new manufacture, having the lines on the inner side of the envelope's face, showing when pressed upon by the hand, but on the insertion of the letter disappearing altogether!

This improvement, which is about to be brought before the public under the auspices of Mr. G. F. Nesbitt, the Government contractor for the supply of the common stamped envelopes, will doubtless be adopted by our new Postmaster General, and thus come into universal use. While a ruled envelope, the lines of which should remain visible, would not be tolerated in the market, this admirable compromise between old custom and modern convenience will, we are sure, be unhesitatingly accepted.

AT LAST.

By Ashton Ker.

Down, down, like a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love—no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above;
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrances from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

ADA LEIGH;

OR,

THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

(Commenced in No. 170.)

CHAPTER XV.—REMOVING THE MASK.

JASPER OLIVE reached the villa at Walham Green not long after the departure of Mrs. Alabaster, in the custody of the sheriff's officer and Suddias Phibbs, the clerk at Scorch and Witherem's, and before the return of Lucy.

He found Charity Winks in a species of hysterical frenzy, and a policeman endeavoring to shape something intelligible out of her incoherent jargon.

As soon as Charity caught sight of him, she made a plunge at him and caught him by the coat tail.

"Gone," she shrieked, "gone, taken away, stole away by thieves; you go a'er 'em, you know where; go, go, go." She yelled the last words so shrilly, that the policeman involuntarily put his fingers into his ears.

"Who's gone? who's stolen away?" exclaimed Jasper Olive with staring eyes, "who is gone? Miss Lucy?" He thought only of her.

"Oh! you knows, you does," returned Winks, at the top of her voice. "Miss Lucy's gone of her own accord, and she won't hurry back to see you; but missus is stole, missus is stole! you know, you know, ah! you know."

The policeman looked at Jasper Olive with suspicious eyes. Jasper observed it. He shook poor little Winks roughly.

"Explain, you little wretch, what has happened, so that we may understand, and be of service," he cried. "Speak, you little abomination, or I'll shake your eyes out."

"Don't hurt her," cried the policeman, interposing and releasing Winks from Jasper Olive's fierce usage, "she can't speak while you shake her; besides, she is only a little creature."

Jasper with a face livid with rage, stamped his foot.

"Let her speak, so that we can understand what she has to reveal, or I'll make her rue it, she may be sure," he savagely exclaimed.

Poor Winks could not recover her breath, and the policeman took out his handkerchief to wipe away the tears which streamed down her cheeks.

"There, then," he said soothingly, "don't cry, poor little wench; but recover yourself, and try and tell us quietly what has happened."

Winks sobbed the more for this kindness; but she bent on the policeman such an expressive look of gratitude, that he could not refrain from gently patting her on the head. She would have kissed his hand, but she thought him too great a functionary to permit her such a familiarity.

Jasper Olive grew impatient, and again angrily and fiercely demanded what had happened.

Winks turned her large black eyes upon him with an unearthly glare.

"Scorch and Witherem," she uttered, in a hoarse guttural tone;

"Scorch and Witherem, oh, you know! you know! you know!" Jasper staggered back a step and drew a deep breath, and murmured an exclamation which was not distinguishable.

"I believe I do understand it now," at length he observed, in answer to a look of inquiry from the policeman. Turning to Winks, he said,

"Two men, I suppose, have been here?"

She nodded.

"One first," she replied, "Scorch and Witherem; t'other a'terwards."

"And these two men took Mrs. Alabaster hence?" he added.

"That's jest it. You know, you know," persisted Winks.

Jasper frowned fiercely at her, and, turning to the policeman, said,

"This is an unfortunate affair; but there is no need of your further presence here. A lady residing in this house has, unhappily for her, rendered herself liable for the payment of a heavy sum of money, and has, as I now understand, been arrested. The names of the plaintiff's attorneys are Scorch and Witherem."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the policeman, "and this poor little wench was alone when they made the capture. Cheer up, my girl," he added, addressing Winks, "it is not so bad after all. Your mistress won't come to any harm; she's gone to prison, but they'll take care of her there."

On hearing this Winks uttered a prolonged howl, so shrill and piercing that Jasper would have rushed forward to strangle her but that his eye at the moment lighted on the ashy face and motionless figure of Lucy, who was standing in the doorway. He remained fixed like a statue where he stood.

Simultaneously the policeman and Winks observed her, and the latter at once fell sobbing on her knees at her feet.

"Gone to pris'n, Miss Lucy; gone to pris'n. Missus is gone to pris'n."

"Silence, you little fiend," growled Jasper, and would have made an observation to Lucy with the purpose of allaying her fears; but, pressing her hands wildly to her temples, she rushed out into the dark night.

Jasper, with a loud exclamation, followed her.

Winks jumped up and caught hold of the policeman's wrist and dragged him towards the door.

"Come on!" she cried, "come on; don't let him touch her. She'll jump into the water and drown herself if she sees him, running like Old Scratch a'ter her. Come on!"

She quitted her hold of the policeman's wrist, and, in her turn, darted with the swiftness of a terrier through the doorway into the road.

The policeman was an old stager and remained where he was. He knew Jasper Olive would bring the young lady back, and that Winks would return in their wake. And, indeed, Jasper shortly brought back Lucy in a fainting condition, and would have borne her into the sitting-room, but the poor frightened girl so far recovered as to emancipate herself, shuddering violently, from his hateful embrace.

The policeman, in kind tones, bade her not to alarm herself, and assured her that the officer who had charge of her mother would treat her gently and respectfully, and that in the morning she would be able to go and see her.

Lucy, white as marble, faint, panting, could not reply; but, pressing her hands over her eyes, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and tottered to her own room, closely followed by Charity, who, when she reached the top stair, heard her young mistress turn the key of her chamber on the inside. Then she sat herself down upon the mat at the door, to keep watch and ward, firmly resolved to suffer death before any person should enter without Lucy's permission.

A few words were exchanged between Jasper Olive and the policeman, and then the latter retired. As he moved away slowly he heard a window over the street door stealthily open, a round black head bobbed out, and a small voice cried in a tone just above a whisper, but with a very earnest pleading note,

"Don't go werry far away, as we may want you agen. When you hears me scream, don't wait for nothink; but if the door ain't open, bust it in."

The man smiled. He knew who it was that spoke.

"All right, my poor little wench," he said, and walked leisurely away.

The window closed. All was silent. If any sounds could be heard above the general stillness, they were the sobs of poor Lucy and the hard breathing of Jasper Olive, as he sat alone in Mrs. Alabaster's sitting-room, pondering the situation.

Mr. Jasper Olive was a little daunted at his own success. Surely Lucy was in his power now if she were ever to be in his power at all. Her mother was in prison, and, save the dwarf maid, she was in the house with him alone—alone.

If favor was to be obtained through fear, he ought now to command it. It was but to lock the stunted servant in the coal vault and Lucy was defenceless. He should have the whole field to himself to cajole, to argue, to reason, entreat and to threaten, without being overheard, without being interfered with, without a witness to confront him afterwards and charge him with his remorseless villainy.

He had plotted for this situation; it was his; he had now to decide what to do with it.

It is said that lawyers personally fear the operations of the law more greatly than those who are not of the profession. Mr. Jasper Olive, from the nature of his avocations, had a wholesome dread of the terrible engine he had so often employed against others, and which in Mrs. Alabaster's case he had set in motion. He had dared a fearful risk. He had stolen a deed and a packet of receipts; he had personated a dead man, and, in that disguise, instructed sharp practitioners to sue on a false issue; had proceeded on it, driven the innocent defendant from her home, and occasioned her incarceration, and it was probable the evil would not end here. What would be the penalty incurred?

His hair rose slowly up, and a cold, clammy perspiration bedewed his frame. A trifle might discover all; he shivered at the notion. Like almost all rascals, he was a great coward; and though again and again his present advantage spread itself before him with most alluring temptation, the fear of after punishment held him in check. It might be imperative, if he would escape life-long imprisonment, that he should fly the country. Was there the remotest probability that he could induce poor Lucy to fly with him? No! that was certain! Not even though he represented to her in the most vivid language he could employ, that to remain behind would be to crush out her young life with shame and degradation.

Yet leave her, he would not—he could not. A thousand jealous reasons why he should not sear for themselves a passage through his fevered brain, and made his blood surge and seethe in his throbbing heart. No, he was not the bold villain to take such a terrible step; he preferred sneaking into criminality that he might have the opportunity, by superior cunning, of sneaking out of its consequences. So far, then, Lucy was safe from his rude clutches; but as he had not the intention of permitting her to escape him, he had to fashion out how he could make her his own without violating the "law"; how to make her sacrifice herself to him, without his becoming amenable to legal or criminal proceedings.

He was fully alive to the magnitude of the steps he had already taken, but then he had the deed and the receipts, and no one knew that they were in his possession. No one could dream that he had taken them. Scorch and Witherem had no idea that he, their client, was Jasper Olive; a stiff, wiry gray wig, gray whiskers and eyebrows powdered, a pair of large green spectacles, and the attire of an old business man of the past century, certainly must prevent the firm from having any notion that their Mr. Flint was old Snare's Mr.

Olive. He had personally appeared in no part of the transactions, save as Mrs. Alabaster's friend, and he did not see how any accident could unmask him.

He slowly rubbed one hand over the other, as he decided on the cautious game. Lucy only had been suffered a peep behind the curtain, and she having now an inkling of his sentiments towards her, would be the better able to show how far she suffered personal consideration to interpose between her mother's misery or happiness. He thought he saw before him the course it would best suit his purpose to pursue, and while he was projecting his first movements, he raised his eyes. They fell on Lucy, standing like a spectre before him. He rose up on the instant, but she waved him down.

"Be seated, sir," she exclaimed, in clear decided tones, which startled him. "I wish to put a few questions to you. I would rather you were seated to hear them."

Involuntarily he obeyed. He gazed on her pallid face; her features, white as her own purity, appeared set and rigid, her eye was fixed, her brow slightly contracted, and her lips were compressed.

Jasper saw there was a determination expressed by these signs which he did not dream she possessed. He felt an anxiety steal over him he would fain had not been called up.

"Where has my mother been taken?" commenced Lucy, speaking in the same strange, cold, clear tones.

Jasper shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "So far as I can make out from the only explanation to be obtained from that half insane runt in the kitchen, your mother has been conveyed to a debtor's prison at the suit of Mr. Flint!"

"Where is that prison, sir?" asked Lucy, in a somewhat peremptory tone.

You are as wise as I am, Miss Lucy," returned Jasper, regarding her with more surprise than ever.

"Pray, sir, let there be no equivocation on your part," she returned, with emphasis. "I am quite aware it is your daily custom and business to send people to prison who do not pay bills to which they have signed their names. I have heard you only too often harass and terrify my poor mother with such statements, not to be certain that you know where the prison is situated to which she has been conveyed."

Jasper looked at her again, although he could not meet her steadfast gaze without a palpable embarrassment. Was this the soft, timid, retreating girl he had so passionately admired? Truly she was firm and self-possessed now; Jasper saw that he must appear to be wounded by her present treatment, if he would induce her to follow his counsels.

"Miss Alabaster," he replied, "you do not seem to be aware that I was not present when the sheriff's officer made his appearance here to-night. Having learned from your mother that important business had brought you to town, I returned thither to meet you in the hope that if my society was not considered agreeable, I at least might afford you protection. On my arrival here your mother had been taken away without having left any message, and therefore I can only conjecture whether she has been conveyed."

"Where do you conjecture?" she inquired in the same sharp tone.

He hesitated whether to tell the truth or not, and decided on a lie.

"To the Queen's Bench," he answered slowly. "This prison is on the Surrey side of the river, healthily situated, and possesses many comforts. Your mother, Miss Lucy, can have a comfortable room there, may?"

"Be happy in it, I presume you intend to say," cried Lucy, bitterly. She pointed to her pet bird's cage and said, "Would that wired cell be less a prison if its bars were of gold and its appointments all devised to make it as 'comfortable' as a cage could be? Oh, sir, it is a prison still."

"Yet," said he, slowly, "the bird sings in it; I have seen it leap and flutter with joy when it has heard your voice and it has seen you approach. If for a time it should be impossible to effect the liberation of your mother, she might still be surrounded by as many comforts as possible, and like the little bird there, be made happy by your visits."

"Cannot I share her prison with her?" cried Lucy, losing her cold frigidity in her eagerness to learn if her sudden hope were possible. Jasper shook his head.

"The law does not contemplate imprisoning the innocent with the guilty," he said. "You could visit her often, and remain nearly the whole day with her. I would conduct you to her in the morning and call for you in the evening to return home here."

Lucy froze up again.

"Who is the man who is persecuting my poor mother?" she asked, adding quickly, "You know, sir; do not attempt to conceal it from me."

"I do not wish," he said. "His name is Flint; he resides in the country."

"Where?" inquired Lucy.

"I do not quite know," replied Jasper, eagerly.

"But his lawyers—these horrible men who have taken my poor dear mother away!" cried Lucy. "They surely know. I will go to them."

"With what object?" asked Jasper, eagerly.

"To implore them to set her free, and let me pay the interest of the debt until Captain Crossjack comes home again," cried Lucy, passionately. "Oh, I will go down on my knees to them. I have some money, mother has some money; we would give them all, and I can earn thirty pounds a year with my needle to pay them regularly, until some opportunity occurred of paying the whole."

"Impossible, Miss Lucy!" exclaimed Jasper, with a sneer.

"To you probably, sir; to me, oh, no!" she returned, with feverish ardor.

Jasper seemed to hesitate for a moment, then he said,

"Miss Alabaster, I will confess that I deceived your mother—only to prevent the shock she had to encounter falling on her with too great severity. I deceived her in respect to the amount of interest upon the bond. You will see this immediately, when I call to your mind what would be the annual sum required to pay the interest of five thousand pounds sterling at six per cent."

He watched her earnestly as he uttered the last sentence.

She appeared stunned. She pressed her temples with both hands.

"Three hundred pounds!" she ejaculated, in a tone of convulsive despair.

She sunk into a chair; she wrung her hands wildly, and sobbed with anguish.

"Oh, what is to be done? Oh, mother! mother! dearest! how shall I save you?" she exclaimed, distractedly.

"Miss Lucy," he said, as he rose and stood before her with folded arms, "that question has been already answered."

She covered yet lower in her chair.

"I forewarned you that your mother stood in imminent danger.

told her that I—that you could save her; you, Lucy."

She answered not, she only sobbed more violently.

"Do me justice, Miss Alabaster!" exclaimed Jasper, in a less excited and a graver tone, "I have acted hitherto as your mother's friend."

Lucy shuddered, she knew not why.

"I lived quietly in her house before you returned," he continued, "seldom speaking to her, knowing, I may say, nothing of her affairs. It was an accident that made me acquainted with her sudden affliction; it was no business of mine, more than it was of Mr. North-east's, who refused to interfere, but I could not witness your mother's grief nor your own sorrow unmoved, and I therefore took those steps with which you are acquainted, not without personal inconvenience and some expense. It is not for me to recapitulate what I have done. I at least, you will acknowledge, kept off the evil day and I believe that had I been at home, the untoward event of to-night

would not have happened. However, you, Lucy, ought not to treat me as an enemy, the more that I can place it in your power to liberate your mother."

"Why do you not do it, sir?" she exclaimed, dashing the tears from her eyelids.

"I will, but upon—upon—a certain condition!" he exclaimed, hesitatingly.

Lucy turned impetuously from him.

"A true friend would impose no condition as the price of a friend's service," she cried, scornfully.

"Hear me calmly," he responded. "I admit the justice of that axiom generally, but there are exceptions."

She waved her hand impatiently.

"Even you would acknowledge it," he continued, "if you could change places with me."

"No," she answered, firmly, "for the friendship which is really true would exact no selfish conditions."

"Friendship is constant in all things save in the offices and affairs of love; observed one who could read the human heart correctly!" exclaimed Jasper, with a slow and marked emphasis.

A low hysterical sob burst from the lips of Lucy, and she staggered towards the room door.

He hurried after her, and caught her by the wrist.

"Unhand me!" she cried, angrily, "or I will shriek for help."

"Hear me but a moment, for your mother's sake!" he exclaimed, impressively; "you would not doom her to destruction, would you? Remember, girl, I have told you that I can destroy as well as save."

She shrunk half fainting from him.

"Release me," she moaned, "for mercy's sake, release me."

"Hear me then for a few minutes," he cried. "I swear by my honor that I will not insult or offend your ears by a word that can wound your maidenly dignity, if you will but hear me."

He let fall her hand, and she clung to a chair for support.

"Lucy!" he exclaimed, impetuously, "I would see you happy; aye, even happier than when my eye first fell upon your fair, sweet face; to me your grief is torture. The first, the nearest and dearest wish of my heart is to know that a care does not make your brow throb with pain, nor a sorrow lie heavy at your heart. I would have your home a brighter and more beautiful home than this, where you should reign with a sunny smile in your eyes, and your cheering laugh ringing joy only in my ears. I would see your mother, now alone in the dismal prison, reigning in that bright home of which I speak, without a grief to cloud her brow, and I would have you know, that you—you had yourself effected this wondrous change. Why I would have you thus happy, you can well understand. Woman as you are, you cannot have passed unnoticed the homage of my eyes, or have been a stranger to the throbbings of my heart, and you must feel that I want but one incentive to accomplish all I have now pictured, at once—aye, at once. Let me but dare to hope, and your mother shall be liberated within a day; within a week a home that shall make even your eyes beam with joyous pleasure shall be your own; and it shall be my constant care that neither to your mother, and oh, in truth not to you, the shadow of unhappiness shall ever come."

"What am I, sir, to understand by this?" gasped Lucy, almost inarticulately.

"That I love you," he cried, "ardently, passionately, and that I seek for a return; grant that to me; and I swear to you, all that I have promised shall be fulfilled."

"Oh, sir, if your love were what you declare it to be, you would not coldly impose conditions before you proved your attachment by important service. That is not love which will burn or fade as it is fed by requital. Let me pass, sir. I will myself endeavor to aid my poor mother."

"Yet I love you truly, Lucy," cried Jasper, impetuous now he had broken the ice, "fondly, madly, I love you in spite of myself; I would do all I have promised to realize yours and your mother's happiness without imposing the most trifling condition, but that I fear to lose you. I fear that I might do all the service, and yet your hand might be given to another."

"Do not detain me, sir, I have no more to say to you," returned Lucy, in a feeble tone.

"Only pledge me your word that you will wed no other; that in time you will try to respond to my affection for you, and I will to-morrow proceed to town; ere to-morrow night you shall clasp your mother in your arms; she shall be freed from all further danger arising from the deed. You will have saved her. Saved her whom I can more easily destroy than save; you can do this. Say, will you give me the pledge for which I have asked?"

The door flew violently open, and a small dark object bounded into the room. "No!" screamed his voice, "No! say No! Miss Lucy. He can't keep his promise, he can't do it! It's a fibber, a fibber. Ho! Scorch and Witherem, I know! Ho! Captain Cross-jack, I know! Ho! Spencer Leigh, I know! Run to your room and lock yourself in, Miss Lucy. Ho! Mr. Jasper Olive, ha, ha, I know! Scorch and Witherem, eh? I know! Run, Miss Lucy, run!"

These remarkable exclamations were uttered by Charity Winks, who appeared to be in a state of frenzied excitement. She shrieked and whirled around Jasper Olive until she utterly bewildered him. Lucy, less startled, took advantage of her entrance, and fled up stairs. Jasper, as soon as he could recover somewhat from his confusion, maddened with rage, sprung after Winks; but he stumbled over a chair, and she darted into the passage, closing the door behind her with a loud bang. The key was on the outer side, and Jasper had the satisfaction of hearing her turn it sharply, shooting the bolt, and then withdrawing the key. He had the further gratification of hearing her with light step dance backwards and forwards past the door, while she chanted in a low dirge-like tone, "Oh, let us be joyful, joyful, joyful!"

CHAPTER XVI.—LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

On the morning following the departure of Cecil Wykeham from Verner place, Ada sat alone in her boudoir.

She reclined on a low luxurious easy chair, of gorgeous manufacture, with her eyes fastened upon a book, which she held in her hand. She turned over a page now and then, as if perusing its contents, and then she would turn back again to a former place and re-read only once more to return to the line she last remembered to have comprehended.

She laid the book down, and drew her embroidery frame towards her; but after a few stitches she leaned her flushed cheek against the carved frame and gave way to thought.

Could Cecil have looked upon her now; as the rose bloom from the stained window fell upon her cheek, and the pale violet rays rested upon her fair neck, he might, like Keats' Porphyro, have "felt faint." She looked so like an angel fresh out of paradise.

A soft dreamy expression beamed from her eyes, as upward turned, they seemed to peer through the golden-hued glass in the triple-arched window frame to the heaven beyond. But soon she rose up with a short sigh, and opening the window, looked out into the garden beyond.

The morning was a lovely one; the atmosphere was clear and radiant with sunny light; the waving trees were yet rich in luxuriant foliage; broad lights of golden sheen glittered upon their bending crests, and massive shadows beneath made brighter still the lustre which illuminated them. The sunlight danced upon the waters of the lake, and long streams of purple splendor poured down between the branches and stems of the beech, the elm and the acacia.

The air was fresh, yet soft and balmy, and song-birds added to the joyance which the cloudless heavens and the brilliant sunbeams imparted.

Ada gazed upon the scene with a pleased emotion. The soft green light, beneath the distant trees, taking its hue from the younger leaves of graceful saplings, seemed so subdued and inviting

that Ada felt a sudden wish to wander there. The impulse was obeyed; she hastily put on her garden hat and mantle, and was soon threading her way between the tall stems which gave to the walk a labyrinthine character.

She paced to and fro leisurely in the thickest part of the grove, and in the deepest shadows. The retreat was full of calm repose, and eminently calculated to give a peaceful tone to perturbed thoughts. But her mind was vexed with anxious fears, and she sat down beneath a wide spreading elm to indulge in them.

Why had Cecil refused her proffered gift? Why when returned to him had he held it in his open hand with such seeming apathy? Was it that he was really indifferent to her good opinion? No, she thought not. His eyes had not told her so. What would he do with that locket? Would he wear it for—her sake, and if so, where? She fancied she could see it resting against his heart, heaving and falling with its pulsation.

Would he lay it aside when he had left her presence, and think of it no more? Why should he not? What was she to him more than another? Yet she could not bring herself to imagine that he would treat it with disregard. If she had a glove, even, that had been his, or a flower that he had touched, perhaps raised to his lips, she would treasure it as her dearest possession, and truly she thought she was in duty obliged to do so, for had he not saved her life? He was not so bound; yet he might in secret hoard up her little gift, and prize it beyond aught he owned in the world beside!

"Heigho!"

Ada screamed, and sprung to her feet, as this sigh was breathed in her ear. She turned in affright to see her cousin, Eleanor, in a fit of laughter, leaning against the stem of the tree beneath which she had been sitting.

"How foolish, Eleanor, to terrify me so," exclaimed Ada, placing her hand upon her heart to stay its pantings.

"How unkind to interrupt your delicious musings," responded Eleanor, still laughing.

Ada felt her cheeks and forehead crimson, and she said, gravely, "You sport with barbed arrows, Eleanor."

"Oh, Ada, I am incorrigible!" returned her cousin, assuming a serious expression. "Believe me, dear—dear coz! I saw you from my window come hither, and I followed you to obtain your forgiveness for my thoughtless piece of madness last evening."

Ada remained silent. Eleanor looked earnestly at her, and said anxiously,

"Do you forgive me, Ada dearest? You would if you knew how I lay awake half the night, scolding myself. No one can see more vividly than I do the grave impropriety of such a proceeding, or feel more keenly the insult I forced upon you, by bestowing one of your treasures—yours, yours, Ada, a prize for an emperor—upon a—upon—upon one—"

"Who has won my father's esteem and earned my gratitude?" said Ada, quietly but firmly.

"Yes," answered Eleanor, "yes, but Ada dear, still one who is a—"

"A gentleman, Eleanor, though a cloud shadows the sun of his fortune," once again interrupted Ada.

"Ah!" ejaculated Eleanor, rather dwelling on the interjection. After a moment's silence, she added rather drily,

"Perhaps, Ada, after all, I have not offended you by my unpremeditated act."

"You deeply wounded and grieved me, Eleanor," answered Ada, quietly.

"For which, Ada, I beg your pardon very earnestly. I would rather you pierced my heart with the sharpest reproach you could hurl at me, than that I should inflict a moment's pain upon you. Yet, Ada, dear, if I have so grieved you, how is it you speak in such a high strain of Mr. Wykeham?"

"It is his merit due," returned Ada; "you seem to regard Mr. Wykeham as if he were of inferior birth and mental condition, and I am desirous of correcting your impression, nothing more. Your unkind act of last evening would have as deeply grieved me had Mr. Wykeham been a duke instead of what he is, my father's secretary, and it loses none of its poignancy, because Mr. Wykeham was also made to suffer the most painful embarrassment."

Eleanor, drawing figures with her tiny foot on the gravel path, mused for a minute after Ada had ceased speaking.

Presently she raised her head, and said,

"Ada, darling, forgive me; kiss me, call me Nell again, and I—I will make a confession."

She held out her two hands in such a pleading manner, that Ada, still with blushing cheeks, pressed them, and then Eleanor flung her arms round her, and kissed her passionately.

"You will call me Nell again, will you not?" she said fervently.

"I will, dear, dear Nell," responded Ada.

"And so we are friends again!" exclaimed Eleanor, passing her arm around her cousin's waist, and commencing a ramble with her.

"Ada," she continued, "what a fortunate thing it is you are not your brother."

"Brother!" echoed Ada; "you know, Nell," she added, with a smile, "I have no brother."

"If you had, Ada, and he was exactly like you, I should die of love for him," said Eleanor, with emphasis.

"Mere fancy and generous flattery," murmured Ada.

"No, Ada," responded Eleanor, quickly, and continued, with emphasis, "I have, I am afraid to say—to acknowledge it to myself—a loving nature."

"Afraid, Nell," repeated Ada; "surely, to have a loving nature is not a fault."

"When it is like mine I fear it is a dangerous failing," returned Eleanor, "because, as the poet says, I shall love—not wisely, but too well."

"Can you love too well?" asked Ada, quietly.

"When you love passionately," returned Eleanor, energetically.

"When it absorbs every thought, every pleasure, when it tingles with its own hue every action in life, every aspiration, hope, impression and emotion inspires. When it enters every dream, every wish, and makes the day too short or too long, solitude burdensome, and society hateful. When, in fact, love takes exclusive possession of the soul, and will admit no other tenant. That is loving too well, Ada, and I much fear me that when I love so shall I love."

"Nay, Nell, you are mistaking a jealous passion for love," replied Ada.

"True love is full of faith, and is wholly unselfish; if it colors at all the actions of life, it does so with a rosy tint. The hue of which you speak would paint all things either a flame color or a sickly, greenish yellow. This is not love which fills the heart with fiery pangs, with despairing bitterness, with furious rage, or impetuous fondness. Oh no, no—"

Ada suddenly stopped speaking, as though some unlooked-for emotion had taken from her the power of articulation.

Eleanor turned her brilliant eyes upon her, and elevating her figure to its full height, said, as she stopped walking,

"What then is love, Ada?"

But Ada felt her neck, her face, her brow, to glow a crimson flush, and could not utter a word.

"Describe it to me, Ada," continued Eleanor; "for if it is to yield all service, all thought, all gentleness—to give up all heart, soul, being, and ask for nothing in return, I'll none of it."

Ada still continued silent, and Eleanor ran on impetuously,

"The man I love must love me—me—no other breathing creature under heaven. He must have eyes for no other, thoughts for no other, attention for no other. My joys, pleasures, griefs must be his; his sole thought how to secure my unalloyed happiness; his one great ambition, his proudest triumph, that me, Nell Verner, he claims to be his own!"

"A slave," suggested Ada, in a low tone.

"No," cried Eleanor, passionately; "for I should so adore, so worship him—so fling to the winds all other thoughts and considerations—that the ardent, proud love for me which made him perform

the service I should exact, would appear to him to be his first and noblest duty!"

They walked on for a short time in silence, which was at length broken by Eleanor abruptly saying, "Now, Ada, I have unfolded to you my view of love, give me yours—tell me, how would you love?"

Ada looked up with a half-frightened aspect.

"I—I—I cannot tell," she murmured. "I am sure I do not know."

"I believe you, Ada," returned Eleanor, thoughtfully, as though some new consideration had presented itself to her. "After all, it is not easy to shape out for ourselves any definite course to be followed, when the fatal shaft has winged its way to our hearts, for out—and, alas! we may love where we would only wish to esteem, and, even then, our passion might be unrequited."

They continued their walk, both for a time in profound silence. Eleanor, however, was the first to renew the conversation.

"Did not my father tell Mr. Wykeham, Ada, that he should expect him to return to Verner place to-morrow evening?" she observed abruptly.

Ada glanced inquiringly at her, and then answered, with some little hesitation,

"I believe I overheard him make such a remark."

"He will be here, of course?" she said, more as a question than a suggestion.

"I cannot tell. I have no knowledge of the business upon which he is engaged, and, therefore, cannot guess how long it may detain him," replied Ada, in the same low, hesitating tone.

"He will be here, Ada," exclaimed Eleanor, in a decisive tone—"I would stake my life upon it!"

So would Ada, but she did not say so.

"We must see him on his return," said Eleanor.

"See him!" repeated Ada, as though she did not quite understand her cousin's meaning.

"Contrive an interview with him alone," observed Eleanor.

Ada raised up her head in amazement; in a tone of dignified reproach, she ejaculated,

"Eleanor!"

Her cousin started on hearing her tone, and for a moment she looked upon her with surprise. Then she smiled.

"You misunderstand me, Ada," she exclaimed. "We must take an opportunity to approach him when he is alone. He must not labor under any false impression respecting the lock of hair I robbed you of, and flung to him."

Ada turned pale.

"Oh no!" she cried, anxiously, "it will be better that it should remain as it is."

"Remain as it is!" echoed Eleanor, incredulously, and then added, haughtily, "unquestionably not. It must not—it cannot—it shall not! What would the young man think?"

"The truth!" exclaimed Ada, quickly. "He saw that the act was a sudden piece of wild caprice on your part, and that it amounted to—meant nothing more. He, doubtless, has flung the tress away and forgotten the incident; it will be better that we should forget it too."

"No, Ada," returned Eleanor, emphatically, "he has not flung that tress away—he is not the man I take him for if he has—it is not probable. However, I can understand your reluctance again to appear in the matter. Mine the error—mine be the task to repair it. I will see him alone, and, as I demand its return, I will treat the affair in such a manner that, if he has formed any wrong notions, he will find himself effectually undeceived."

"I am afraid, Nell, you will make matters much worse," urged Ada. "Pray let the affair rest where it does; Mr. Wykeham is—"

"A human being—a very young and handsome man, with all the failings of his sex," interposed Eleanor. "Ada, that tress is a trophy which has been unfairly placed in his possession, and must not be retained. Leave all to me. I will restore it to you without causing you any further embarrassment."

Ada did not seek to urge her cousin to abandon her project, hoping that the absence of Mr. Wykeham might prevent its being put into execution. She, therefore, changed the subject, and said,

"You promised me, if I would call you Nell again, you would make a confession. A confession of what, dear Nell?"

It was Eleanor's turn to feel a flush of scarlet rush up and spread itself over her neck and face. With astonishment Ada observed it, and laughingly exclaimed,

"What, blushing, Nell? You blushing! Nay, but there is hope for you yet!"

Eleanor's face became at these words only a more intense crimson than before. She turned her head away, and covered her face with her handkerchief. She stamped with her foot pettishly and exclaimed, "How absurd!"

Ada twined her arms about her, and pulling gently at the handkerchief in which Eleanor had hidden her features, she said, playfully,

"Nay, not absurd. The confession, Nell dearest, the confession! Do you not think I will give you absolution?"

"Ada, you are foolish!" cried Eleanor, impetuously. "I will not make it—I am vexed."

"A promise unextorted—an obligation," said Ada, in the same light tone.

"I retract it," observed Eleanor, sharply.

"Then I will not call you Nell," returned Ada, with a gentle laugh. Eleanor withdrew her handkerchief and laughed too. Then she looked serious. "Ada," she exclaimed earnestly, "can you tell me why that color should have mounted to my brow? I was about to speak of Mr. Wykeham."

The color instantly quitted Ada's face.

"No," she unconsciously uttered, and then hastily inquired,

"What were you about to say of Mr. Wykeham?"

"Why, to confess, Ada, that, notwithstanding I treated him with distance, even with scorn, I could not sleep last night for thinking of him," she replied, not observing that her cousin's cheeks had become yet more blanching.

"Indeed," murmured Ada.

"Yes," replied Eleanor, thoughtfully. "I was prepared from what I had heard to meet a person presuming on his success in the fray in which he rescued you, full of conceit. With such an impression I received him; but to say truth I did him injustice."

"Yes—yes," murmured Ada.

"He is elegant in appearance."

"Ye—yes!"

"A singularly handsome face he possesses."

"Ye—yes!"

"A very good figure."

"I think he has a good figure," murmured Ada, almost inaudibly. "With the courteous manners and bearing of a gentleman."

"I told you so, Nell."

"You did, Ada, darling, I thought of what you said last night, when, unable to sleep, I went over again the interview which was marked by so curious an incident; I remembered then his every look and movement. He has a high spirit, Ada, I dare swear."

"A noble spirit, I believe it."

"Still you know, Ada dearest, that gives him no title to retain the waving tress of your fair hair, of which I so wantonly deprived you."

"No title—certainly," timidly responded Ada, "but—"

"Nay, he must not keep it. I will see him, and alone, Ada. I will compel him to restore it to me, that I may return it to you, and at the same time convince him that—"

"Here comes Sir Gerard Verner, and with him a gentleman," suddenly exclaimed Ada, "a stranger, too."

"Hush! Not a word of what we have been conversing upon," ejaculated Eleanor, "we will return to it when again alone."

So saying, she took Ada's arm, and they slowly made their way to meet Sir Gerard and his companion.

(To be continued.)

Going to Pike's Peak, the New Gold Region—From Sketches by our own Correspondent.



THE HAND-BARROW EMIGRANT.

PIKE'S PEAK—THE NEW GOLD REGION.

PIKE'S PEAK, at present the great centre of attraction, is a point of the Rocky Mountains, and was so named from its discoverer, Lieutenant Pike, who was then at the head of an exploring expedition fitted out by the United States Government. From observations taken by him at the time, its height above the level of the prairie is ten thousand six hundred feet, and as the prairies are generally computed to be eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, the total altitude of the Peak is eighteen thousand six hundred feet. A mountain of such magnitude necessarily forms a great feature in the landscape, and Lieutenant Pike, in his account of his wanderings, states that it was never out of sight, unless the party happened to be in a deep valley.

The summit is entirely bare of vegetation, and is covered with snow. The view from the summit is said to be beautiful beyond conception. Looking eastward you behold a vast stretch of prairie, boundless as the ocean, dotted here and there with dark herds of buffaloes, whilst close around you the mountain is cleft and fissured, with large masses of rock standing out in bold relief against the clear sky, which alone forms the boundary to the gorgeous picture.

No wonder it is that the Indians, knowing the evil influence which the advent of the white man has upon their tribes, have steadily refused any information with regard to this district. But the restless enterprise of the American nation has pierced the veil of mystery which has hitherto hung over these regions of the far West, and now we may shortly see new cities spring up in spots hitherto tenanted only by the deer and buffalo, and the road, which has only been trodden by the Indian on the war trail or the hunting path, will become a busy highway for merchandise.

We may well be proud of our country and our people. What other land is there where such inducements are held out to the poor but industrious man? Here the best quality is a strong hand and a stout heart, a spirit such as that which animated our Puritan forefathers, a stern spirit of duty and a determined resolution to uphold the right at whatever cost. The same qualities which carried our ancestors through the bloody battle-fields of the Revolution, and laid the foundations of this great republic, will serve equally well in the hard labor and privation which must at first fall to the lot of the Western pioneer.

It has always been believed by the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, and others frequenting the same region, that the Indians knew of some locality where gold and silver was to be found in great abundance, but though search was made, the exact spot could never be discovered.

Nearly all accounts, however, agreed the richest deposits were somewhere around the sources of the Arkansas and South Platte Rivers.

In 1835, a hunter named Eustace Carriere became separated from his companions, and wandered about for some weeks, during which period he discovered some grains of gold on the surface of the ground, which he took with him to New Mexico. On his arrival there he exhibited his specimens, and a company was formed, having Carriere for their guide to the new El Dorado.

Unfortunately for himself, Carriere was unable to find the precise spot, and the Mexicans, thinking that he did not wish to disclose the secret to them, set upon him, and having punished him severely, left him and returned to Mexico.

Nothing was then heard for some time, but in the winter of 1851 an old trapper, who had been living among the Indians for some years, came to the settlements and reported the existence of a cave, in which there was a quantity of solid masses of gold, hanging from the roof like stalactites or immense icicles.

He urged the formation of a company and offered to conduct men to the spot, but the story was too large, and he could not induce any one to accompany him. He afterwards left for the Indian country by himself, and nothing has since been heard of him.

In 1850, a party of California emigrants passing through this part found traces of gold, and some of the party wished to stay and examine carefully, but the majority, who had heard of the California nuggets being as "large as a brick," wished to proceed on their journey.

Captain John Beck, who was of this party, on his return from California, took out a party of a hundred men to this gold field, and from that time the presence of gold was a recognized fact. Party then rapidly succeeded party, every one who returned from the mines giving a highly colored account of the fortunes to be realized there. In May, 1858, a party from Lawrence, Kansas, was induced by these favorable reports to proceed to the diggings, where they found matters even better than had been represented. The result of their discoveries soon became known, and this new El Dorado is now the great magnet of attraction of this continent.

The great secret which the Indians have for so "many moons" been in possession of, and kept so faithfully from the knowledge of the palefaces, has at last been discovered, and this beautiful region of country, with its auriferous wealth and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with pine, inexhaustible water power and healthy climate, is now to be developed, and to return to the adventurous and the energetic a thousand fold for their talent and their toil.

Many conflicting statements have been given, some having returned from the mines with the most discouraging accounts, while others give as the amount of their earnings a most fabulous amount.

Many who have never done a day's hard work in their lives leave lucrative situations, and then are disappointed because they have not suddenly become rich. But these are not the right men for the place. To be a gold miner a man must have a strong arm, a strong constitution, and stronger moral courage; who has no permanent paying business in the States, let such men go, and with industry and perseverance he may reap a golden harvest.

But the husband and father who has a family dependent upon his earnings for their daily bread, and who has a business that yields him a support here, should not exhaust his slender means and plunge himself headlong into debt, with the hope of making a fortune in a year or two. And again, those who will not go out with a determination to push through thick and thin, to camp out upon the prairies or mountains, and to endure the hardships and privations that others have undergone, have no business at the mines.

Let every one also make up his mind to be satisfied with but a moderate gain; the great prizes are but few in proportion to the number of diggers, and consequently the chances are very much against any man; whilst, should he have made this determination, the pleasure arising from his good fortune, if it falls to his lot, will be proportionably greater.

A party of girls went on the route to the Peak a short time since. They had a wagon and a yoke of oxen, and a good supply of necessaries. They had no men with them, and intended to make the whole journey without any assistance. Whether they intended to dig gold, or open a store, or whether they went as a matrimonial



THE WHEEL-BARROW EMIGRANT.

speculation, I cannot tell, but they appeared tolerably well fitted for either occupation.

One of the girls had on a heavy pea-jacket, such as are worn by sailors, and another was riding, not *en cavalier*, on one of the oxen.

The group was so picturesque that I considered it a good subject for a sketch, which I send herewith. The mountain in the distance, to which this girl is pointing, is Pike's Peak, then distant about fifty miles. These young ladies will supply a want which is much felt at the mines, viz., female society. I wish that you could manage to send out a few from your section of the country.

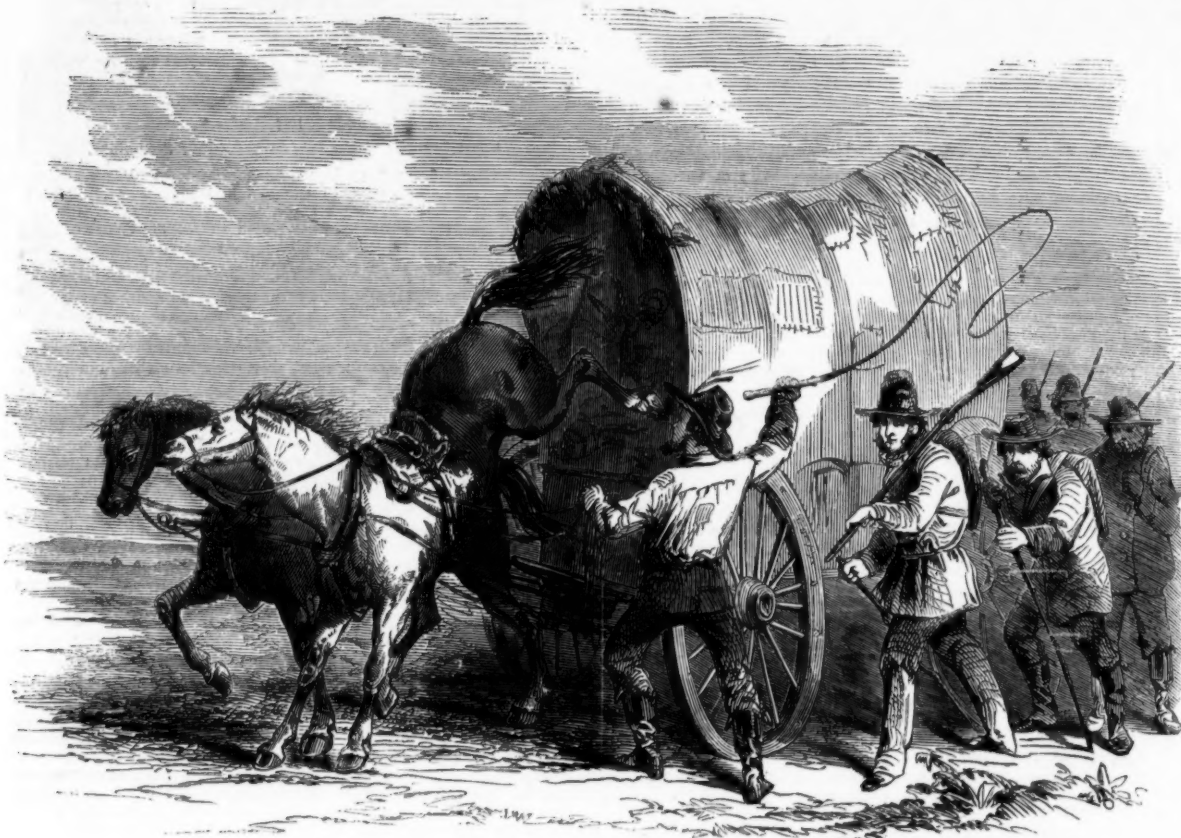
I have also sent you sketches of some of the different descriptions of emigrants. Taking them in order as regards their posses-



CAMP OF THE EMIGRANTS.



TRAIN OF MINING EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PIKE'S PEAK GOLD REGIONS.



THE WAGON EMIGRANT.

sions, we shall first come to those travelling with a wagon and team.

In the sketch which I have sent, one of the horses is rather unruly, an accident that very frequently happens. The major part of the baggage is stowed away in the wagon, so that the journey is comparatively easy.

I have also sent you a sketch of the party taken at the time when, after the day's march is finished, they pitch their camp and rest themselves after the fatigues of the day. The group which I have drawn have brought with them a banjo and a violin, on which they are playing, whilst the others lounging around occasionally shout an accompaniment, not particularly harmonious, but evincing the possession of light hearts and strong lungs, two very desirable things to take to Pike's Peak.

The camping place of this party was very well chosen, having abundance of wood and water close at hand. If proper care be used, the travellers need not be without these important requisites any of the time, the whole country through which they pass being well watered and thickly timbered.

The bundle emigrants come next in order. They generally possess a horse or pony on which they place such baggage as belongs to the common stock; their own personal effects they carry in bundles slung on their shoulders, from which circumstance they derive their name.

The party represented in my drawing were the proud possessors of a skinny pony, on which was piled a heterogeneous assemblage of buckets, tin pans and cooking utensils, making the animal appear like a locomotive tin ware store. The men were all armed with rifles and revolvers, and looked just like the right sort for the mines.

Lower down in the scale are the hand-cart party, which I have also endeavored to depict. The carts which are used in this manner are made with little or no bed, and have a frame both in front and behind, so that all may assist when in a heavy road, or in going up a hill, which was the case when my drawing was taken. The rain was driving sharply in their faces, but they trudged on, with their pipes in their mouths, seemingly caring little for the weather, when they thought of the bright prospects before them.

The last sketch which I shall send you this time is one of the wheelbarrow man, who trusts to his own efforts to reach the land of gold. This was a very pretty little scene; the sparkling of the little rivulet in the foreground lending an additional charm to the landscape.

The voyager himself was one of those insouciant, devil-may-care sort of fellows that seem to take life very easily, and find

it all the more pleasant for doing so. These are the right men in the right place, more fit for the work than the white-handed store clerks who come out here expecting to become millionaires in a few months, and then because their expectations are not gratified, have gone back to the cities with lugubrious countenances, cursing the country and the fates that brought them out.

I am not one of those castle-builders who expect to load a wagon with gold in a day or two and start home, and all those who expect to pick it up like pebble stones had better stay where they are, even if they can only earn twenty-five cents a day. But for those who come out expecting and prepared for hard work, this is the country, and to such I would say, "Come, there is room enough for all, and plenty to spare." Let those who intend coming bear in mind this piece of advice. Bring every necessary article that can conveniently be carried, as prices are of course very high here, and will be higher.

It is impossible in the limited space at my command, to give anything like an adequate description of the country, its merits or disadvantages; but no doubt many reports have already been published, and if some are unfavorable, all the better, as they will probably deter some lazy, good-for-nothing loafers and rowdies from coming out, a blessing most devoutly to be wished for. Let honest, working men come here, and they will be heartily welcomed.

Ex-Emperor Soulouque.—A late Jamaica letter says: "The redoubtable Soulouque, who has honored us by making this island his home, is held in great veneration by the negroes here, with whom it is an unpardonable offence for any one to say aught against the fallen Majesty. He walked out once, but a troop of little dirty urchins of both sexes soon gathered around him, and his Majesty fearing one of them might, with something more dangerous than a bare bodkin, his quietus make, soon made haste to get home and never stir out on foot again. It was given out when Soulouque first arrived here that he was immensely rich, but it turns out to be all false. Not that whilst he tyrannised over his countrymen he did not misappropriate enough of the public revenues as would make him, in his loss of power, still a man of wealth: but it appears that his Prime Minister was a rogue of little more acuteness than his master. All the produce that the wily Prime Minister had orders to ship to Europe, the sale to be invested in his master's name, he took care to ship on his own behalf. He is now gone to Europe, where he will live at ease upon the ill-got wealth which Soulouque calculated to fall back upon."

About Ourselves.—A recent English critic ventures the remark that "the great intellectual merit of the Americans is acuteness—and their great failing conceit."



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The Fifth Concert will take place on Saturday Evening, April 30, 1859, at Niblo's Garden. The following artists have kindly volunteered their services: MRS. INMAN (Soprano), and MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN (Piano). Conductor, MR. CARL BERGMANN. No reserved seats. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock P. M. By order, L. SPIEL, Secretary.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1859.

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OFFICE, 19 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK

The Paraguay Question.

We have at last the official intelligence that our war with Paraguay has ended before it began, and we are truly thankful for it, since any mishap that a giant may meet with in an encounter with a dwarf is too "ridiculous to be sublime," as Curran said, when Lord Norbury lost his temper in trying to get an answer from a deaf witness, who had not heard the question. There was a dignity in Napoleon losing Waterloo, and Harold, Hastings; but it would have afforded *Punch* an excellent caricature if our warlike Ambassador Bowlin had got stuck in the middle of Paraguay, and obliged to touch his cap to that mountain of flesh, President Lopez. As it is, there is material for a good hearty laugh over Bowlin's despatches, whose simplicity of manner sounds oddly enough by the side of the courtly duplicity of European diplomacy. We have the consolation of knowing that we can afford to laugh, seeing that we have won, and we may, therefore, congratulate ourselves upon the success of a mission which at one time wore such an unpromising aspect.

The treaty is all that can be desired, and we trust it will open to our commerce one of the finest rivers in the world. At present, it would appear that the Paraguayans are too simple in their tastes, and too despotically governed, to offer a very inviting field for mercantile enterprise. Nevertheless, we all know what a few years' intercourse with civilization will accomplish, and we consequently look forward with considerable interest to our future relations with these interior South American Republics.

The Approaching War.

We may search history in vain for a parallel to the present position of European affairs. The two strongest of those powers are actually without a policy; to use an Americanism, Russia and England are in a fix. Their interests and instincts are at war. Owing to her abominable tyranny, Austria has actually placed both those great rivals of France in the anomalous posture of being her passive allies in a war, which cannot but result in making that most conscienceless and aggressive nation the dictator of Europe; for should France humble the House of Hapsburg, the power of Louis Napoleon will far exceed that of his great uncle, since he has accomplished, in securing what the other never could, the countenance and alliance of England.

But despite the apparent solidity of Louis Napoleon's power, it must be remembered that his whole life has been that of an adventurer; he has staked high, risking life itself upon the cast of the dice. He is, *par excellence*, the greatest political gambler of the day. Twice on the great table of the world he threw for a throne or a scaffold. He lost at Strasburg. Saved by the mistaken clemency of the winner, he repeated the game at Boulogne. Again he failed, and seven years' captivity in Ham Castle concentrated his intellect, and matured his plan. In many respects the nephew is a more remarkable character than his uncle. The conqueror of Austerlitz came on the stage when the ancient regime was in its death struggle. The world was in arms, and a successful soldier was the great want of France. She found it in the hero of Lodi and Arcola. From that moment his course was easy, because natural. Louis Napoleon has actually vaulted himself like an acrobat upon the throne of France. His leaps at Strasburg and Boulogne were failures—but taking advantage of the platform of the Presidency, he gave one more bound, and became the Francois Ravel of empire. But he pays the usual penalty of men who dance on the tight

rope of expediency—his equilibrium requires unsleeping vigilance; his balancing pole, which is England at one end and Russia at the other, may slip from his grasp, and he will fall for ever. No more daring feats, such as jumping through the hoops of the 2d of December, Crimean war and Paris Congresses: once on the ground he will look as absurd as a star-spangled dancer in the crowd of Broadway. It is clear to all that he can have no real friend among the European monarchs. He reigns by virtue of a principle hostile to them. The peoples they govern cannot but dread the supremacy of a nation which has carried bloodshed and desolation into every country of Europe except Great Britain. Nevertheless, the wielder of six hundred thousand bayonets, ready to charge at any minute, renders him a perilous customer, and secures for the time an unwilling courtesy and a hollow friendship. With a retributive justice not often seen on so grand a scale, the most deadly despotism of the Continent is the one destined to receive this thunder cloud—for her double dealing in the late Russian war has left Austria without an ally, except the contingency of England and Prussia's selfishness prompting them to save her from entire destruction. The position of both Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria is indeed perilous. One must meet the first military power of the world, and the other choose between the uncertainty of a battle or the dread of irritating the pride of his people. As we write, the war may have commenced, and the rival despots of Vienna and the Tuileries be engaged in a mortal struggle. Let us hope that, like that of the historical cats, they may both disappear in the conflict, and leave behind them merely their tails, to prove a warning at once to tyrants and nations. And when the dynasty bugbears of the houses of Romanoff, Coburg, Bonaparte, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern are driven from the scene, the world will breathe more freely, and the natural heart and mind of Continental Europe have fair play. Then will commence the brotherhood of nations.

The Unkindest Cut of all.

The war editor of the *Tribune*, Count Gurowski, whose brilliant articles are so fully charged with gunpowder as to come under the denomination of pyrotechnics, or squibs, has come out in a strong and long letter against the publishers of the *Cyclopædia*, which, considering that he has contributed to the work in question, and received their two dollars a page, or fourteen and a half cents an article—for some pages have fourteen articles on a single page—is as painful an evidence of the depravity of authorship as ever came before us. But to return to Gurowski, who is really a scholar and a gentleman. He concludes his letter with this sarcastic dig:

All above enumerated justifies my assertion that the *Cyclopædia* mostly suppresses the last results of various scientific investigations. Why do not the editors explain in their letter other omissions pointed out by me? Did I not read right that archeology is a branch of geology, &c., &c.

I accept the sneers at my learning. It becomes only then of some dimensions when compared to that of the editors of the *Cyclopædia*. GUROWSKI.

Now, if cruelty to animals was ever carried to a frightful excess, it is in this last sentence, which means (we are afraid) that small as the erudition of Gurowski, the Count, is, it assumes gigantic proportions by the side of that of the Appleton editors. Our artist wisely remarks that a flea is not a very large animal, but compared to an animalcule it is an elephant. Mercy, Count Gurowski!

Personal.

PROFESSOR GARDNER, the New England soap man, was called upon by the Democratic State Convention in Harrisburg, last month, to deliver an address, and made a decided hit. He is said to be a rare genius.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES is at Cadiz. We are rejoiced to hear that his health has greatly improved.

Mrs. BOTTA, better known by her maiden name of Anna Lynch, is said to be engaged in writing a general History of Literature. From the attention which we personally know this gifted lady has bestowed on the subject, we are confident that her book will be a valuable acquisition to the world of letters.

WAR BE-GUN.—Already the *Saturday Press* says that Governor Morgan's object in appointing A. Gunn to be Health Officer at Quarantine, is to frighten the Sepoys. Why not for his known ability at making reports?

HOW NAPOLEON REALLY LOOKS.—The *Household Words* gives a personal sketch of the Emperor Napoleon at Plombières: "Is it reasonable to tell how the Emperor looks at Plombières, divested of external pomp? He is grizzled, cadaverous and lame in the left hip, and labors to conceal that last defect. His walk is awkward. He turns out his toes, and leans heavily on the strong stick he carries in his well-gloved hand. He is carefully dressed; but, though his coat fits him very accurately, he has nothing of the air of a perfectly dressed man. His figure is not improved by the cuirass which his coat will not conceal. Every step he takes is studied, while his eye scans every passer-by with a look which has something uncanny in its expression."

GENTILITY OF THE AUTHOR OF "OUR AMERICAN COURTESY."—Writing of Albert Smith, Carl Benson has the following: He occasionally says things that must be rather startling to a conventional middle class English audience, and some of his expressions reminded me of a story current about him and Tom Taylor. It was when they were beginning the world together—the literary world at least. Even then early there was an impression among Tom's Bohemian associates that he would be the first of them to emerge into the upper life of official respectability; some thought he would be a judge, others a bishop; at any rate, they agreed that he would turn out a personage. "And when that happens," quoth Smith, "Tom will look down upon us poor devils. He'll think us low." "My dear fellow," replied Tom, with the utmost gravity, "I think so now."

THE NEVER-SAY-DIE UNIVERSALISTS.—Elder Knapp, of the Baptist Church in Ohio, has declined a public religious discussion with the Rev. W. S. Barton, Universalist of Dayton. In the Elder's letter of declination is this delicate morsel: "I have never known a Universalist Minister (and I have known many of them) who would acknowledge or own up when he was used up; but, like a goose when thoroughly picked, not a pin-feather left, and thrown over the fence, would jump up and run after you hissing."

MR. RICHARD DOYLE, the artist of the illustrious dicky bird, whose talent for character sketching is only rivaled by his talent for business, and who has done nothing since the publication of "Brown, Jones and Robinson's Four," is said to be engaged on a work which is actually on the eve of completion.

THE COURT JOURNAL says: "Alexandre Dumas has come back in a pretty plight, notwithstanding the portraits given of him in the illustrated papers, where he is represented as a Circassian chief, with an immense number of knives stuck in his girth. Madame Poncher, desirous of securing the literary lion, wrote to him, to bid him to a soirée, but received for answer: "Dear Madame—Willingly would I lay myself at your feet, but I have not got a coat to wear. I am reduced to chain armor. I kiss your hands with effusion."

A HORROR LATIN FEX.—During the late poisoning trial the Court was frequently interrupted by the noisy notes of the bell which the Corporation, in their wisdom, have placed within a few feet of the building assigned by law for the "hearing" of causes. After about the tenth recurrence of these alarming interruptions, Judge Bonswelt, in a quiet way, turned to one of the reporters more classical than the rest, and exclaimed, "Horrida bella!" To which the reporter, in a subdued tone, responded, "Does your Honor mean the fire bell or Sophia Bell?"

PRINCE JOHN'S LAST.—A short time since, John Van Buren and other dignitaries were having a good time over their wine and walnuts at a famous boarding-house in this city, when the landlady—a plump, rosy widow—came into the room. "Madam, what are your politics?" inquired one of the party. "I am a straight-out Silver-Gray Whig," she replied. "Look at her closely, gentlemen," remarked the Prince, "for I assure you the male species of that animal is entirely extinct."

MR. F. S. COLEMAN, in the *New York Ledger*, invites Dr. O. W. Holmes to a little "set-to" with gloves, on the respective merits of Boston on one side, and the rest of creation on the other. Boston being, according to the "Autocrat," the "Hub of the Universe." Sparrowgrass thinks he may not improperly call upon the doctor as the "linchpin" to hold it up.

NED BUNTLINE, the *Troy Whip* says, was married in that city on Saturday last to a blooming Dutch maiden, who was tending bar in a larger bier saloon. It was a case of love at first sight.

LAMARTINE has just published his new "Histoire de Cæsar," the fifth volume of his series of the Lives of Great Men.

TAMBERLIK, the man who, musically, can go up higher, down lower, and stay under longer than anybody living, arrived in Paris recently, stout and strong, and all ready to undergo as hard a course of triumphs and bear up under as heavy a salary as the Parisians and the manager of the Italian Opera are willing to inflict upon him. The Emperor Alexander has treated him right royally, in compensation for his labors during the season at St. Petersburg, where that lofty note was issued successfully three times a week in the grand opera house, in the presence of grand dukes and duchesses without number; and Tamberlik now possesses a gold medal set round with diamonds, the proof of a Cæsar's appreciation.

In Paris lately, Persiani and Frezzolini in "Don Giovanni" created great enthusiasm, though the letters say the latter carried off the greater share of the evening's honors. Mario was got up within an inch of his life as the gay Spaniard, in "discreet black, red plume, gold chain," and so on; instead of the usual sulphurous fire and demons at the close, he decorously descended the trap door, his hair still parted in the middle, his costume unruffled, and accompanied by the statue, a smiling object for a forest of lorgnettes, and quite composed considering the warm atmosphere he was approaching.

GRIE and Mario contemplate another visit to this country next fall.

It is proposed that each of the balloonists in the United States make an ascension, and devote the proceeds to building a monument to Mrs. J. Thurston, who lost his life last season by falling from a balloon.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON in the course of a recent lecture on "Clubs," related his experience in a club of fasters and feasters, who styled themselves the "Pct House Society," who, in the midst of their instructive and witty discussions, would suddenly and unwittingly offer many a bright gem. The subject once turning upon anecdotes of horses, one of the company, an Orientalist, wishing not to be outdone by his fellow-members in wonderful stories, affirmed that he had heard of a horse running so rapidly in a ring as to present one continuous horse in every part of it!

An amusing story is told in the article on Alphonse Karr, in the new volume of Didot's Biographie Generale. It will be found, we should add, in greater detail in that author's famous *recueil* of the *Guepés*, the biting sarcasm of which periodical led to the adventures referred to. Karr found a lady waiting for him one day as he returned to his lodgings. He begged her to wait up stairs, saying, *Après vous, Madame*. Madame insisted on his going first, and Karr presently felt himself stabbed in the back. He took the thing in good part, and hung the dagger up in his room with the following inscription: "Donné par Mme. Louise C. dans le dos."

The initials, it is superfluous to observe, scarcely cover the name of Madame Louise Colet, who thus pointedly retallied on Karr for his waspish criticism of a novel she had written, called *La Jeunesse de Mirabeau*.

BROUGHAM'S FORMS.—We understand that a New York firm is about to publish the poems of John Brougham. Mr. Brougham has written many clever verses and some of exquisite tenderness. The volume will surely command a large sale.

It is stated in Paris, that if war breaks out the Sardeian army will be commanded by Gen. MacMahon, under the orders of the King Victor Emmanuel.

MADAME RISTORI may be expected in this country in November.

THACKERAY, it is said, has been paid a sum of £4,500 to write for two years for Messrs. Smith and Elder, the publishers.

PARISIAN PEARLS.

Dis-Oystered from the late French Journals.

SCIENTIFIC DINNERS IN PARIS.—At our latest Paris advices, high carnival held the reins in the city of the Tuileries. Magnificent state dinners were being given too, but even these sink into commonplaceness when contrasted with the *outré* feature of those gotten up by the scientific societies. *Appropos* of these last, the thing most talked of is a bill of fare drawn up by a member of the Society of Acclimation, which includes nothing but foreign dishes and meats hitherto completely unheard of. Among others are cited a hash of silkworms, ostrich eggs and sweetmeats of preserved ants! Sweet sherbet, and, instead of coffee, a decoction of a newly-imported bean from Japan stood for the drinkables. After which, pipes, containing prepared betel-nut, were handed round to the guests.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT LAYETH EGGS!—A. M. Jobard, of Brussels, according to the *Journal de Bruges*, has recently found traces of that celebrated sea serpent who, a few years ago, proved so prolific a source of newspaper items the world over. But a change has come over this monster since his last appearance; he has become the father of birds as supernatural as himself! We translate *verbatim* from the above-mentioned journal:

"A French merchant, M. Dumoulin, who has now an established business in Madagascar, had in one of his first voyages to that island, remarked a singular vessel contained in a netting and carried by a servant of the king's household when he came for a present of rum for his master. M. Dumoulin, after having emptied the contents of eleven bottles into this vessel, put his finger in at the mouth to see if it were not yet full. He then found that this receiver was not a gourd, and accordingly asked what it was.

"An egg!" replied the native.

"Of what bird?"

"I don't know."

"Arrived at the isle of Bourbon, M. Dumoulin related the circumstance to a Captain Abadie, who made arrangements with a merchant named Malabois, to return for this marvellous egg, which they brought with several others and sold to the French Government, without telling what they had learned of their origin. It appears that they are in reality the eggs of a great sea serpent, from which has been hatched a species of monstrous and fabulous bird, which naturalists have named *Lepidornis*.

"This serpent, which has attained the moderate length of twelve hundred feet, and whose body is as large round as a hoghead, still inhabits the river Linta, at the bottom of which it deposits its eggs, which are often not found until after a great rising of the waters.

"This serpent comes out of the water only at stated intervals, and does not frighten at all the dwellers by the river, who adore it as they would their fetish. A short time ago it removed from the river Matatane, which is become a dried-up torrent, and there may yet be found the remains of its eggs."

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.—French stories of the phlegmatic indifference of the English in money matters are sometimes a little wonderful, and under our hand we have just now a paragraph in point:

M. Ellinekhuysen, a banker in Rotterdam, has opened his books for the receipt of subscriptions to be applied to the opening of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. A few days ago a fine-looking old gentleman, with an unmistakable English countenance, presented himself at the banker's desk, and in a very matter-of-fact tone said that he would like to take a few shares.

"About how many, sir?" asked Mr. Ellinekhuysen.

"Well, say five hundred."

A moment more and the new shareholder was in possession of the titles of his five hundred shares, and no sooner was this done than he methodically opened his pocket-book and paid for them.

"But, sir," said the banker at this juncture, "you are giving us too much money; the shares have been put at fifty francs each."

"Ah, indeed! then put me down for one thousand shares at once."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish [it. That will make fifty thousand francs that you have to pay."

"No more than that?"

"No, sir, you may reckon for yourself."

The Englishman made the calculation on his fingers, and then continued,

"Yes, you are right; and yet I was very anxious to get rid of five hundred thousand francs that I have to spare just now."

"To do that, sir, you would be obliged to take ten thousand shares."

"That's just the thing. I will take them now without delay."

The banker was naturally surprised, and the Englishman, noticing this, tried first to make him believe that it was from pure philanthropy that he invested so large a sum in the project, but he finally confessed that he had another motive.

"I am a very good Christian," he said, "and I have read in the Bible that it was predicted a canal would be opened through the Isthmus of Suez, and by that canal the Israelites would return into Egypt."

He then referred to a chapter and verse in the Book of Jeremiah where the prediction may indeed be found. We are also assured that the taking of the ten thousand shares and the immediate deposit of the five hundred thousand francs are of equal certainty

Without stopping to analyze the English antipathy to Jews, here so singularly made manifest, just think what a providential relief this placid old gentleman might have offered us in the time of the panic. Imagine him benevolently investing his surplus change in forlorn Erie at twenty-three, and disbursing his shekels to sustain the dying Ohio Life and Trust. Even now his presence in some quarters would be acceptable, we think; and if the directors of the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad had him there just now, how happy they would feel!

A SCENE AT THE GRAND OPERA.—A singularly touching scene recently occurred at the Grand Opera in Paris, when the sixth representation of Felicien David's glorious work, "Herculeum," so long delayed by the indisposition of the artists, was being given. The tenor, Roger, but partially cured of a most obstinate cold, was hissed for the badness of his singing. For the first time in his life suffering such disgrace, the great artist became well nigh crazed with despair; tears sprang to his eyes, and tearing his diadem from his head he threw it upon the stage and hastened at once to the manager, to implore him to accept his resignation. During this time there was such a persistent call for Roger in the auditorium, that he was obliged to come again upon the stage. At the piteous figure which now appeared before them, the love of the public for their old favorite overpowered all other sentiments; they cheered and applauded with frenzy. Roger bowed, and could not repress the emotion, which, by the tears running from his eyes, was so effectually betrayed. The audience shouted to him, "If you cannot sing the part, speak it, only speak it!" The emotion of the artists upon the stage was not less marked. Madame Borghi Mammo, with moist eyes, took Roger's hands in hers to restore his courage. In short, never did an artist receive such striking proofs of the public sympathy. Roger was touched to the soul, and his gratitude inspired him with a will that triumphed over nature. His voice returned to him, and during the rest of the opera he sang, if not better, with more expression than ever. Thus did this evening, which had commenced for him with a humiliation, end a triumph.

AN OBVIOUS PUN.—A person so very notorious as the Black Doctor, just now, at Paris, could hardly expect to escape the proportion of jokes that usually fall to the lot of celebrated characters. A mot of Grassot, the well-known farce actor, is at present floating about in the Paris papers. The stepping-stone to this Dr. Vries' reputation, it will be remembered, was the curing of a frightful cancer, which for a long time had afflicted Sax, the famous horn-player. But the Paris medical faculty accuse the doctor, and with some degree of probability, of being a charlatan, and even deny that he has cured Sax—to which Grassot adds by way of a clincher: "Since this Dr. Vries comes from South America, why didn't he cure the Tropic down there of its Cancer?"

WAR INEVITABLE—INFLUENCE OF BUTTONS IN THE MATTER.—By an ingenious course of reasoning, a Frenchman has managed to construe a very trivial circumstance into an alarming symptom of war in Europe. Listen:

"It has been remarked that for some time the street dogs have carried off an astonishing number of chickens, pigeons, partridges and other fowl from the stands of the poultry-merchants at Paris. It was at once concluded that this was because these intelligent quadrupeds could not find bones enough in the street to satisfy their hunger. Now, if there are not bones enough for the dogs in the street, it is because the rag-pickers collect them more thoroughly than before; if the rag-pickers collect them thoroughly it is because they are paid more for them; if bones bring a higher price in the market they must be in great demand; if they are in great demand it can only be that they are wanted to make buttons of; if they make buttons of them the buttons must be intended for gaiters; if gaiters are being made they are for the army. Hence, we will have war!"

Queer people those Frenchmen, eh?

THE SICKLES TRIAL.

SINCE our last publication very few incidents worthy of notice have occurred which are fit for publication. In pursuance of our original intention of making this a fit paper for a family, we omit the details of evidence which only go to prove the improper relations which existed between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles.

During the past week a letter was received addressed to one of the jurors, which counsel on both sides consented he should read, when he declared he knew nothing of the writer. The Judge, on perusing it, stigmatized it as an outrageous interference with justice. The letter was filled with abuse of the prisoner.

Mr. Pendleton, the brother-in-law of Key, was examined with reference to the removal of the lock from the house in Fifteenth street, but denied that it was done by his order.

The anonymous letter which was sent to Mr. Sickles was read in Court, it was signed R. P. G. The contents are already too well known.

The defence concluded their evidence on Thursday, and the same day the rebutting evidence was commenced by the prosecution with the examination of Mr. Pendleton.

Mr. Lee Jones was also examined, but very little evidence was elicited. All the questions put to him by counsel were answered in a very round-about way.

No other incidents of importance have occurred, with the exception of the production of the so-called confession of Mrs. Sickles, which from motives of delicacy and decency we refrain from publishing. The trial is expected to continue some time longer.

LITERATURE, NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

Illustrated Miner's Hand-Book and Guide to Pike's Peak. Published by PARKER & HUYETT, St. Louis. We have received Parker & Huyett's New Illustrated Hand-Book and Guide to Pike's Peak. It is a very neat little volume, and contains some very reliable information and sound advice. It gives in a condensed form a description of the various routes to Pike's Peak, showing the best camping places and where wood and water may be found. The advice as to who should and who should not go to the mines, is evidently the production of a thinking mind.

The map accompanying the work is well engraved, and the lines of route are very plainly laid down. The work is rendered complete by a list of persons, from whom the emigrant may procure his outfit and be certain of laying out his money to the best advantage.

It is evident that the publishers have expended much care and money in the preparation of this volume, which forms a complete *vade mecum* to all Pike's Peak emigrants. We advise all persons who contemplate going to Pike's Peak, to purchase and read this most useful little work.

MUSICAL.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—There was a disappointment at this establishment on Wednesday last. The opera of "La Favorita" was announced, but from some mysterious reason it was changed to "Lucresia Borgia." Much disappointment was expressed, and some of the audience took their money and retired; but a very large majority remained, and were fully recompensed for their generous determination. Gazzaniga was really magnificent as Lucresia. She surpassed all her previous efforts in vocal grandeur and dramatic intensity. She made a marked and striking impression.

The appearance of Stefani as Gennaro afforded much gratification; his fine voice and manly style insured him a hearty and demonstrative reception, and his excellent singing and acting gained him repeated marks of approbation. Signor Morelli appeared for the first since his return from South America, and was welcomed as an old favorite. The Duke is a great character in his hands; he acts it with force and spirit, and his singing, with the exception of a sometimes over-boisterousness, is artistic and satisfying.

The new attraction at the Academy this week is Signora Alaimo, whose great success in Havana has raised the expectations of our musical circles to the highest pitch. We shall speak of her appearance in our next. Gazzaniga also appears this week in "La Favorita," after which she makes her farewell visit to Boston and Philadelphia.

Piccolomini will be here in the second week of May. She will come under the direction of Maurice Strakosch, who will also bring the whole force of his fine company, Madame Colton, Madame De Wilherst and others. It is not yet

decided where the delightful Piccolomini will appear, but it is expected that the great Strakosch combination will delight the public at the Metropolitan Theatre.

Mr. Mills, the Great English Pianist.—This remarkable pianist, of whose great powers we shall speak shortly, will give a concert in the course of a week or two. A large number of our most prominent citizens are interesting themselves in the affair, and we trust that a brilliant audience will give a cordial greeting to Mr. Mills upon his first personal enterprise in America.

A Few Items about Piccolomini.—Perhaps our readers feel interested in the movements of so celebrated an artist as Piccolomini. We have therefore obtained the history of her tour through the United States. Under the management of Mr. Ullman she gave thirty-three operas in New York city, the receipts of which amounted to the enormous sum of seventy-eight thousand dollars. She gave fourteen operas in Boston, six in Philadelphia, four in Baltimore, seven in New Orleans, besides seventeen concerts, when the contract between Messrs. Lumley and Ullman ceased by limitation. William List, Lumley's agent, secured the services of Dr. Rawlings, under whose management she gave seventeen concerts, the net proceeds of which were twenty-four thousand dollars. The net proceeds of operas and concerts in this country up to the present time has reached the enormous sum of one hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars. Finding it necessary to give opera, they have formed a combination with Mr. Strakosch, and will appear in New York in the course of two weeks, when she will make her farewell appearance. During the time Mlle. Piccolomini has been in this country she has travelled nearly twenty-four thousand miles.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the most quaint, the most fantastic, and the most purely poetical of all the productions of the "bard of all time!" Who has not seen in thought the graceful and beautiful Titania, followed by her train of fairies, floating among the enchanted bowers of her realm; or watched Oberon, the brilliant monarch of the elves, surrounded by his spirits of the air; and laughed at that embodiment of mischief, the merry Puck? Then, too, the mortals represented in the comedy are creatures so eminently calculated to appeal to the mind's eye; the sentiment is so exquisitely delicate, the fun so grotesque and subtle, that it becomes almost, if not quite, an impossibility to realize either the reader's conception or expectations by a dramatic representation, let it be as perfect as it may. The spectator, it is possible and probable, can suggest no alteration, no improvement—we, ourselves, can ask nothing more beautiful, in its way, than the present revival at Miss Keene's—for his own imaginations are so vague, so indistinct, so dreamy, that he is only conscious of a something wanting to complete the picture, but is utterly ignorant of what that desideratum is. Such being the case, we prefer to consider the acted play rather as a spectacle than a poetical comedy; and viewed in that light, we must accord to Miss Keene most unqualified praise. She has evidently brought to bear upon the production all her well-known taste and judgment, and succeeded in placing upon her stage a series of scenes of really great picturesque merit; and grouping and tableaux of novel and pleasing character. The costumes, too, is beautiful, and quite as correct as could be expected; and the acting, judged by the standard of what has gone before, quite up to the mark. But, as we premised, the Titania is not the Titania we have seen flitting about us as we read; the Oberon is no realisation of all our fancy painted him; Puck, despite Miss Keene's captivating manner, is not the mischievous elf that frolics and gambols in our dream; and even Blake, the inimitable, is not the Bottom that, with nothing but the text before us, we have laughed at as he strutted his brief hour upon the stage.

Let us be understood; we do not undervalue in the least the talents and abilities of Miss Keene's admirable company. On the contrary, we assert that all that could be done by the utmost care and attention they accomplished; but who can accomplish impossibilities? And a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that shall possess the reality that can be imparted to other Shakespearean plays, we unhesitatingly pronounce an impossibility.

One of the principal features of the piece, Mendelssohn's captivating music, is delightfully rendered by an increased orchestra, under the able conductorship of Mr. Baker, and received, as it richly deserves, the tribute of warm and continued applause from the audience. The house on each night has been crowded to repletion, and we are very decidedly of opinion that it will be a long time before we have any further novelty at this theatre to write about. Miss Keene has the tide—a very strong and irresistible one, too—with her; may it ever continue to flow in that direction.

Wallack's Theatre.—Although the "Veteran" (comedy in six acts) has disappeared, the veteran (Manager Wallack) still continues his career, playing a round of parts with which he is associated in our earliest reminiscences of the drama. Supported as Mr. Wallack is by his admirable company, it is not to be wondered at that the public will not allow him to retire.

Metropolitan Theatre.—"The Mésalliance" is still the attraction here, and should be for some time to come. It possesses undoubted interest, is carefully put upon the stage, and well acted. The policy of the management, however, seems to be, at present, a constant succession of novelties, so that this excellent piece must soon give way. Let none of Miss Davenport's admirers fail to see her in this one of her most exquisite and touching performances.

Barnum's American Museum.—Look you, my masters, a play which, like "Our Irish Cousin," demands critical mention in round, set phrase week after week, for a prospectively indefinite period, getteth to be a considerable deal of a bore. Hence we shall only announce that this week, as well as the preceding, the afore-mentioned Hibernian relative continues to be played, continues to draw, continues to reap for our friend Greenwood a goodly harvest of "spondulicks," and continues to put fragile waistbands in imminent peril of rupture. There, Mr. G., if you will keep on in this way, you may expect to see a stereotype of the above in this place for every week of your offending.

Theatre Francaise.—"La Grâce de Dieu," the last success at this house, was played on Monday and Tuesday of last week, and then the theatre was closed for the remainder of Lent. "La Grâce de Dieu" is, in many respects, the most decided triumph of the season. The play, it will be remembered, is the original of the popular opera of "Linda de Chamounix." Mlle. Chevalier, as Marie, was superb—no other word will do justice to the artistically wrought impersonation of that character which she presented. Mlle. Sen was a most delectable Chonchon; and the mingling of the comic and serious elements in the rôle of Pierrot could not have been entrusted to better hands than those of M. Edgard. The costume and scenic artist also deserve honorable mention for their efforts in the production of the piece; the last scene especially rather astonished us with the capacities of the stage here. This week several novelties are announced, others are in preparation; and now that anti-theatre-going Lent has passed, Messrs. Widdows and Sage, more than ever before, bid fair to reap the rewards of their enterprise.

HINTS UPON GARDENS.

(Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper by a Practical Horticulturist.)

I ASSUME, at the outset, that every one of your million readers who has judgment enough to choose between good and evil has a taste for gardening. It is not merely a question of pecuniary profit, for, as in the case of most hobbies, the gain is the last thing to be thought of. There is a satisfaction in eating your own peas or asparagus, or smelling at the nosegay culled from your own garden, albeit they may have cost four or five times more than you could have bought them for in the market. Add to this the gain of health and the pleasure of watching the daily growth and development of your own products. A long list of distinguished men have sought, in the peaceful retirement and innocent employments of the garden, a refuge from the cares and anxieties of public or professional life. Of the antiquity of the gardener's calling, what more can be said when we call to mind that Adam was set to "keep and dress the Garden of Eden," a testimony both of the innocence and utility of the employment. Some of your readers may not have heard of the long-pending dispute between the gardeners and tailors on their respective rights of precedence: the tailors maintain that the fashioning and sewing of the fig-leaf garment was a professional operation arising from the necessity of the case; the gardeners rejoice that the father of men was not the less a gardener because he worked for health and amusement, and not for a living, if, indeed, such was his happy predicament.

I do not purpose to offer many suggestions on the selection and laying out of a garden. In that, as in other matters, we are usually the slaves of circumstance. The man that can choose for himself will do well to have his land with a gentle slope to the south, sheltered by the plantation and shrubbery from northerly and easterly winds. The slope facilitates surface drainage. In the matter of soil, as of situation, we seldom have an option. The soil must be taken as it is. A sandy loam is the most favorable, on the whole, to gardening; although a clay bottom is valuable for the larger operations of the farm, as being retentive of moisture, and saving the crops from the effects of summer heat and drought. Of gardening implements the name is legion: a spade, a hoe, a rake, a garden trowel and a watering-pot are the indispensable, and these may be had in smaller sizes for ladies' use. The work of a large garden requires clipping shears, budding and pruning knives, the saw, the fruit gatherer, the garden engine, greenhouse syringes, fumigators, and so forth. Those, however, who are able to do things on this scale will scarcely need my "Hints," as they can command the assistance of the skilled gardener.

I cannot join a recent writer in praising the facilities for obtaining gardens in and about New York. The value of building lots is too high to leave much room for garden ground anywhere within the brick and mortar region. Those who live in the country, or even in the suburbs, can have advantages of which they are morally bound to avail themselves for their own mental and bodily health, as well as that of their children. A love of nature and the beautiful in nature is one of the most precious endowments the young can receive; and how can this be more practically and intelligently inculcated than by the flowers and other tenants of the garden. If, however, the city dwellers are not blessed in a real garden, they are not without a substitute. The back yard with its little grass plot and its narrow border may gladden the eye with a pretty show of flowers. The "extension" which space-economizing landlords now generally tack on to the house makes a capital greenhouse, and where these cannot be had the window sill furnishes a last refuge. These scanty resources will used

may do more than could be expected. I have seen remarkably fine running roses, splendid four-foot balsams, and eight to ten foot fuchsias growing in a back yard in Brooklyn. The window will always grow geraniums, hyacinths, monardella and other plants, which, if not equal to those of a greenhouse, will, in all probability, gratify the grower quite as much. The chief cause of failure in little plots is that the grower strives after too much. Sometimes a lady gardener is not content with a few choice flowers, but goes in for all sorts of green truck in the back yard. I have seen chrysanthemum, heliotrope, auriculars, peonies, even peaches and tomatoes, and a whole heap of other plants and vegetables shoved better-kelter into the little, narrow border, which, at most, would have borne successfully some dozen good plants. A little well done is better than a great deal badly done, holds as true in gardening as in other cases.

The season is now pretty well advanced for field and garden work. The weather, however, has been unusually unpropitious, and the wet that has fallen has retarded the growth so much that very little time is lost up to the present. Spring is the great seed time, when the ground must be prepared and the whole work for the coming year is to be planned out and begun. Where the season is as brief as it is with us, the work in all its departments comes on in rapid succession. The difficulty with the writer in my position is where to begin.

Dig! dig! dig! is the advice to be given to all young gardeners. Poor soil well stirred is worth more, or at all events as much, as rich soil carelessly or lazily stirred up. The reason is simple. Plants, like human beings, live by air; access of air to their roots increases their life power. The opening of the ground also favors the spread of the roots in search of nourishment. The manuring of the ground is another point of importance. The very best garden manure, whether for vegetable or flowers, is decomposed vegetable matter, turves, weeds, &c., mixed with lime, plaster of Paris, old mortar, horse and cow droppings, house refuse and sand, or burnt clay, a little of everything, in fact, as the term "compost" signifies. This is the best general manure that can be applied, excelling if not superseding all others. There are other manures which, in amount of their portability and easy purchase, are to be recommended. Bone dust, guano, superphosphate of lime and various fertilizers may be bought at most of the agricultural warehouses. Some articles are good as special manures, as salt to asparagus and sea-kali. To some growing crops, especially to the grasses, liquid manure is applied with astonishing effect. Decomposed animal matter is generally unsuitable for amateur gardening. Old gardens with a dense black greasy soil seldom require manure; good digging is their best treatment; the humic acid which abounds in the soil being thereby worked off.

Those who desire flowers out of hand had better visit the nursery grounds and greenhouses, and purchase to their liking. But there is a satisfaction in beginning at the beginning, and those who are content to prolong their enjoyment can now commence with almost any seeds. All hardier plants and vegetables may be sown in April. It is expedient to wait for the more delicate ones until May. There is a popular impression that it is well to wait for planting and sowing until after a nice shower. As a rule, dry weather and dry soil are preferable for out-door work. The soil is more easily pulverized, the seed is more easily put in, and when in is more closely surrounded by the fine earth, and the process of transplanting is more easily performed. Do not, therefore, lose time in waiting for showers.

It is now full time to prepare your ground, which ought to have been done by the end of March, if not in last fall. Treaching is the best and most effective mode of preparing the ground. If you have time or can afford to hire a man at a dollar a day, trench by all means. Open a trench two and a half feet wide. Take the first spadeful of the soil to the place at which you propose to finish your plot. Then open the soil another spadeful deep and pulverize it well; put on your manure; next open a second trench and throw the surface soil on the top of the manure all along the first trench. Repeat this with as many new trenches as you require to make, and the surface soil of the first trench will serve to fill up the last. Thus you have the whole surface of your garden dug and pulverized two spadefuls deep, thereby doubling the productive capability of your soil. Ridging the ground is the familiar process of ridge and furrow usually done in the garden before the winter, and much facilitating the spring work by its surface drainage. I shall, in my next, give a list of flowers and vegetables, suitable for ordinary culture.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

THERE are few things more humiliating to the human mind than the ignorance and conceit displayed in the judgment of one nation of another. We have only to look back upon Mrs. Trollope, Captain Marryatt and Charles Dickens on ourselves, and Ward and Greeley on England. Mr. Cass in his remarks on France blundered just as much as though he had been a young penny-a-liner, instead of a grave statesman. How terribly his prognostications were not fulfilled is too well known to need a word. Percy St. John, a very clever English author, has lately been lecturing upon French opinions about England. He said:

"It was necessary to do so from an English point of view, and it was quite possible his remarks would not suit the ideas of Frenchmen, if there were any present, any more than it would suit Englishmen if a Frenchman were to come forward and tell them of the various errors which English tourists had made on the continent. It was notorious that whatever mistakes Frenchmen made about England, Englishmen made as many about France; and he believed there were no two countries in the world, especially two situated so near together, that knew so little of each other; and some years ago, prior to the war, and for some time subsequent to it, Englishmen held the most strange views regarding the French, and the popular idea was that the French people lived on frogs, making just the same mistake that a traveller did in Strasbourg, who, because he had a red haired chambermaid and a one-eyed waiter, wrote that all the women had red hair and that the men had but one eye. On the other hand, the French believed that an Englishman was an animal who lived upon raw beef and potatoes; yet it was most singular that if information was sought about Africa or Japan, or any part of the globe most distant, one could not find a more entertaining traveller than the Frenchman; he dived into the history of the people; entered into all the minutest details of their government; was geographically correct in every point; but let him only cross the Channel, and he would return and publish the most extraordinary and crude statements for facts that could be possibly conceived."

"In a pamphlet published in 1858, the writer, a French officer, makes the most extraordinary statements respecting English character. He first says that the French navy is vastly superior to the English, but the popular idea is that the English navy is vastly superior to the French; and then he says that the English cannot fight a bit, that they can only pour in a broadside and then they are done; and if the French, who are the best hands in the world at boarding, can only get to board them, the English have no chance. He then went on to describe in his pamphlet the fearful and frightful conduct pursued towards French prisoners in this country, and the devices they resorted to, to get back to their own. One who had heard that the sick and mad were sent home, feigned insanity by crowing like a cock, standing on one leg, and endeavoring to put his head under his arm to go to sleep. The medical men said he certainly was mad and he was restored. The same writer also stated that in the time of the first Napoleon, the expedition fitting out at Boulogne for the invasion of England would have been joyfully received by the English."

"French novelists invariably represented an Englishman as an extraordinary individual, with a penchant for committing suicide; and Alexandre Dumas, in relating a story of himself—which he always does—says he went one day into a house in the Palais Royale to purchase a turtle. He found himself in the presence of a stiff-collared Englishman. There was but one turtle, and the Englishman begged of him to let him have it, for he was going to commit suicide the next day, and he wished to feast once more off his favorite dish before he resigned his 'knife and fork,' an operation which an Englishman performs with as much solemnity as though he were Britannia 'giving up her Trident.' No one would refuse such a reasonable request, and the Englishman had the turtle, and did commit suicide the next morning."

"Here is another instance of what a strange animal the Englishman is, according to French writers. One called upon a jeweller and ordered a snuff-box to be made with a painting of a large house and a dog upon the lid, but there was to be this peculiarity about it, that when any one looked at the box, the dog was to disappear by going into the house. The jeweller was rather taken aback at first, but he finally undertook to make the article, and eventually produced one with a large house on the lid. 'But where is the dog?' said his English customer; and the jeweller replied, 'You wished for him to go into the house when you looked at the box, therefore you cannot see him.' The Englishman was satisfied, and went away under the impression that when he put the box into his pocket the dog came out."

The English make the same mistake about us. Not long ago the Arrowsmith hoax in the London Times led thoughtless readers to believe that every railroad train had a fighting car, regularly furnished with the appropriate furniture of coaches to die easy on, shrouds to fit all sizes, with pistols and coffee to assist, saying nothing of coffins from the pine up to the rosewood. Whether there were any of Barnum's fire annihilators is more than we can say, since it might have a sulphurous smell. These national mistakes are as amusing as individual ones, and come under the same head of distorted judgments, in which prejudice nearly assumes the character of insanity.

MR. LOWE, WHO WAS SHOT IN THE JAIL AT HAWESVILLE.

We engrave a portrait of the late Mr. Lowe, of Hawesville, Kentucky, who, our readers will recollect, was shot in the prison of Hawesville.

Mr. Lowe established himself in Hawesville some five or six years ago, and connected himself by marriage with one of the most respectable families of the neighborhood, and retained a respectable position as a merchant. He is acknowledged to have been upright and faithful in all his business affairs, but although apparently amiable and courteous in his general bearing, he had, from the beginning of his residence in the town, been engaged in a series of most violent and outrageous broils, till he became the terror of the country, and the peace of the community seemed to demand that he should be expelled from it.

The first act of violence which is recorded against him was shooting and dangerously wounding a teamster for whipping his cattle. At a trial soon after, before a justice at Lewisport, he drew his pistol in the court-room and shot his opponent. A large button, on which the ball glanced, saved, however, the life of his intended victim. This affair led to a series of other acts which disturbed the neighborhood for some time.

On another occasion, when attending a trial, in a fit of rage he drew a revolver and fired several shots at a man standing in a densely crowded court-house; but, as if by a miracle, only a young lad was injured, and he was shot in the leg.

For some years past he has been continually engaged in broils with his neighbors, who would not submit to his imperious will, and in more cases than we have mentioned he has used firearms in the most wanton and reckless manner.

Under such circumstances his death can scarcely be regretted by the community, though it is much to be deplored that private individuals should have taken the law into their own hands, and not have left him to be punished by the laws he had violated.



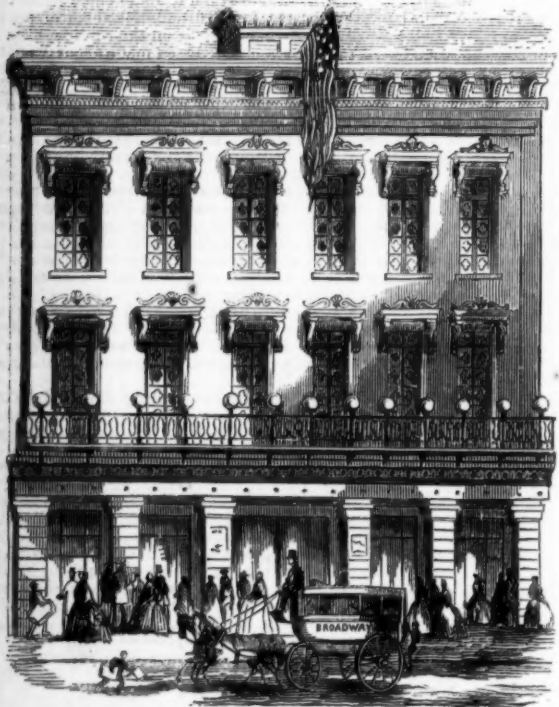
PORTRAIT OF MR. LOWE WHO WAS SHOT IN THE JAIL AT HAWESVILLE, KY.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

The Broadway Theatre, whose boards have been trodden by some of the first actors of the day, is now being torn down, and the temple dedicated to the services of Thalia and Melpomene must give way for the structures of commerce.

The present theatre was built in the year 1847, and on the destruction by fire of the Park Theatre became the fashionable place of resort.

The Broadway Theatre opened on Monday evening, September 27th, 1847. The bill presented the "School for Scandal," and the farce of "Used Up." Misses Fanny Wallack, Rose Telbin, Helen Mathews, Gordon and Carmen; Mrs. Winstanley, Sargeant, Heild, Chapman, and Mdles. Celeste and St. Clair, composed the female strength of the company. The male members were George Vandenhoff, H. Wallack, J. Lester, J. Lynne, J. M. Dawson, Vache, H. Hunt, C. W. Hunt, G. Chapman, H. Bernard, J. Kingsley, J. Everard, Fredericks, E. Shaw, Walters, Allen, and stage manager, George W. Barrett.



VIEW OF THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NOW BEING PULLED DOWN TO BE RE-ERECTED IN THE BOWERY.

The theatre was built by Colonel Alvah Mann, and was a losing concern to him, he having, we believe, sunk in it the larger part of a competent fortune, which he had realised as a successful circus owner. Colonel Mann held and managed it until the spring of 1848. He then took into partnership E. A. Marshall. Colonel Mann was, however, hopelessly involved, and in 1849 it passed wholly into Marshall's hands. Thomas Barry became manager in 1852, and occupied that position until he took the management of the Boston Theatre.

Marshall occupied the theatre with tolerable success until the accident caused by digging the foundations for the store next to the theatre. In sinking this the south wall of the theatre fell entirely out, and it was consequently closed for nearly a year for repairs. At the end of that time the resources of Marshall were exhausted, and it remained closed until October last, when Mr. Eddy entered upon the management.

The last days of the Broadway have been among its best days, and the brilliant spectacle of "Antony and Cleopatra" will renou its grave.

Twelve new plays have been produced at the Broadway Theatre, being at the rate of one a year:

The following is the list: Plunkett's "Advocate," Brougham's "Romance and Reality," George Andrew's dramatization of "Monte Cristo," C. E. Lester's "Kate Woodhull," Boker's "Betrothal," and "Francesca di Rimini"; Ware's "Lola Montez," "Azael," translation; Maeder's "Peri," Fanny Kemble's "Duke's Wager," Wal-

cott's "Customs of the Country," and Gaylor's translation of the "Son of the Night."

Some of the brightest stars in the theatrical profession have appeared at this theatre; amongst them we may mention Forrest, Mrs. Farren, the Seguins, Hacket, Tedesco, Charlotte Cushman, Hudson, Anna Bishop, Sir William Don, the Wallers, G. V. Brooke, Celeste, Albion, Lola Montez, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Julia Dean Hayne, Jane Davenport, Charles Mathews and Barry Sullivan.

THE CAPITOL, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

We present our readers with a view of the new capitol at Omaha, Nebraska, taken from a sketch by our correspondent.

Omaha is now becoming an important city, in consequence of the impetus given to trade by the gold discoveries at Pike's Peak.

Many of the emigrants give Omaha the preference as an outfitting and starting point over the other cities on the frontier.

We have already given in a former number a somewhat extended account of Omaha, so that any further description would be unnecessary.

RAISING THE AMERICAN SHIP ISAAC WRIGHT IN THE RIVER MERSEY.

On the morning of the 23d of December last, the American ship Isaac Wright, then lying in the river Mersey, bound to New York, was discovered to be on fire.

The flames spread so rapidly that it was found impossible to subdue them, and the vessel was accordingly hauled up the river to a place called the Sloyne, where Her Britannic Majesty's ship Hastings was then lying. The Hastings fired several shots into the Isaac Wright between wind and water and sunk her, thus extinguishing the fire. The cargo being very valuable, and not of a nature to be much injured by the water, efforts were made to recover it by means of divers, but were quite unavailing.

About this time the London steamer Genova, which had sunk in the Mersey, was recovered by means of Palmer's patent pump, and it was resolved to endeavor to raise the Isaac Wright by the same means, and the operation was performed with complete success in the presence of a large number of scientific and mercantile gentlemen, who appeared highly pleased with the manner in which the pump worked.

Our sketch represents the sunken ship, with the pump on a platform amidsthips.

The dimensions of the Isaac Wright are, one hundred and eighty-six feet long, thirty-eight feet beam, and twenty-three feet deep, and her tonnage is about one thousand three hundred.

The pump was placed on the platform, and although the engine which works it was only driven at half speed, owing to the position of the vessel, yet in fifty-six minutes the water was pumped out—over three thousand tons of water having been ejected in that period.

When worked at full speed it has been known to discharge seventeen thousand five hundred gallons of water a minute, and with a ten-horse power engine it throws out from seventy to seventy-five tons in the same time.

As soon as the ship was pumped out, she was floated and run high up on to the beach, when all her cargo was safely removed.

PISTOL AND PIPE BELONGING TO CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH.

We engrave this week a drawing of a pipe and a pistol which originally belonged to Captain Miles Standish, one of that gallant band of Pilgrims who came over from England in the Mayflower in the year 1620, and landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

These articles have descended regularly down as family heirlooms from father to son, to the fifth generation. The son of the third generation, whose name was Zachariah, lived and died in Plymouth, having three sons, Peleg, Zachariah and Isaiah. Peleg died at the battle of Ticonderoga, being killed by an Indian ambuscade, in the revolution-ary war. Zachariah died at Spencertown, New York, 1805. Isaiah died at Rochester, Massachusetts, June 5th, 1816.

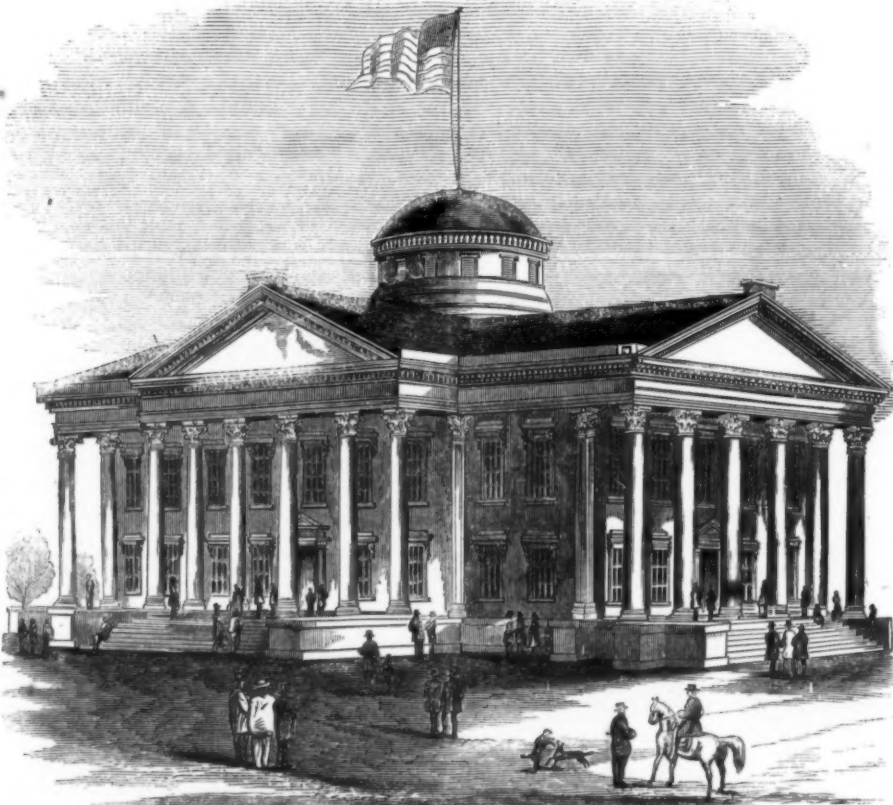
These relics have always been preserved with great care by the Standish family, not only as being the personal property of one of the most renowned of their name, but also from the great service which each article in its turn has rendered in quieting the Indians, who at various times disturbed the tranquillity of the new settlers. That Captain Standish did not wholly depend on his pistol for defence the following story will show:

"At one time the Indians designed taking the life of Captain Miles. A company of them invited him to pay them a visit at their wigwam, intending to get him to drink with them; and thus, while in the attitude of drinking, they intended to seize and kill him. But a friendly Indian informed him of their designs. He went, as invited, and when the time came that they handed him the drink, Miles reached out one hand to take the drink, while with the other hand he seized his sword and severed the poor Indian's head from his shoulders with one blow! They all disappeared quickly, and glad to get off so cheap."

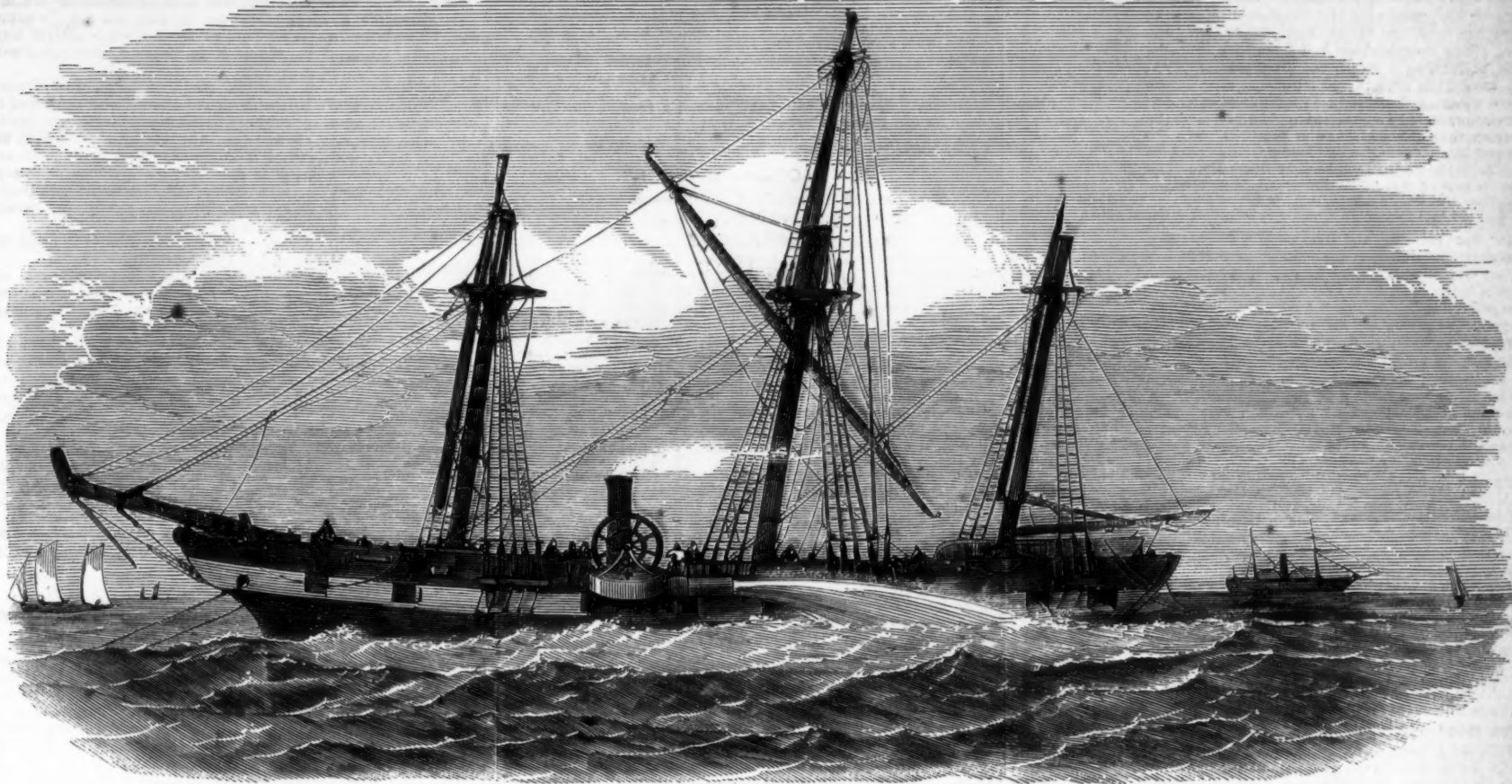
Zachariah Standish, late deceased in Albany, New York, was the first one who ever came into possession of the above-mentioned articles who was not born in Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed.

They are now, we believe, deposited in Plymouth Hall, to which they were given by the widow and sister of the late Zachariah Standish.

Fast Travelling.—A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of any accident on that road, and he replied, "Never; but once a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Birmingham, half-way!"



WESTERN SCENE.—COURT-HOUSE, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



RAISING THE AMERICAN SHIP ISAAC WRIGHT, SUNK WHILE IN FLAMES BY THE GUNS OF H. B. M. S. SHIP HASTINGS, IN THE RIVER MERSEY, ENGLAND, DEC. 23, 1858.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

OUR BILLIARD LESSON—FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE SIDE STROKE.

To pocket the object ball in the side pocket, and carom on balls 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5.

To carom on ball 1: strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ A. with Q.P. 1.
To carom on ball 2: strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ B. $\frac{1}{4}$ R. with Q.P. 2.
To carom on ball 3: strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ R. on horizontal line with Q.P. 2.

To carom on ball 4: strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ A. $\frac{1}{4}$ L. with Q.P. 3.
To carom on ball 5: strike the cue ball $\frac{1}{4}$ R. $\frac{1}{4}$ B. with Q.P. 3.
By this it will be perceived that, with the aid of the side stroke and force, the cue ball can be made to take almost almost any course the player desires. In each of these caroms the object ball is to be hit so as to hole it in the side pocket.

THREE HUNDRED PERSONS BUTCHERED AND EATEN BY CANNIBALS.

In our last paper we gave an account, and an illustration of an attack upon a French shipwrecked vessel in Torres Straits. We have now to record one of the most wholesale instances of Cannibalism in history. The fabled *eye of Polyphemus*, as depicted by Homer, in his *Odyssey*, sinks into nothing by the side of it.

A number of Chinese men, women and children sailed from Hong Kong for Sydney, New South Wales, some few months ago. Their number is stated to have been three hundred and twenty-seven. Their object was to reach the gold diggings. On the 29th of September a squall arose, and the vessel was totally wrecked on the island of Rossel, in the South Pacific, about five hundred miles from New Zealand, on the night of the 30th of September last. It was with the greatest difficulty that Captain Pennard was enabled to get his shipwrecked passengers on shore, little thinking, as he endeavored to do so, the horrible death that was in store for them. As far as it was possible under the circumstances, the necessary provision was made for the comparative comfort of all, and Captain Pennard and eight of his crew left the island in one of the ship's boats, to endeavor to obtain assistance from any vessel they might fall in with, and so release the Chinese passengers from the sad position in which they were placed. These nine heroic men are stated

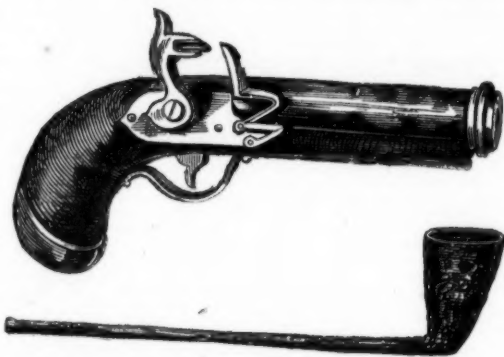
to have undergone the severest privations, and it was not until the 15th of October, having started on their mission of the 30th September preceding, that they were picked up by the Prince of Denmark, schooner, and conveyed to the French settlement of New Caledonia, where they were received with the greatest kindness. The authorities immediately dispatched the French steamer *Styx* to ascertain the fate of the Chinese left on the island, and the vessel arrived there on the 8th of January last. The result of the inquiry reached Sydney on the 25th of January, and was to the effect that the whole of the passengers and remainder of the crew had been killed by the natives, with the exception of one Chinese, who, having been accidentally spared, was rescued by the crew of the steamer.

This Chinese passenger arrived on Tuesday, and has furnished us (a Sydney paper) with the following account of the massacre: "The ship went on shore during the night, and when she struck the passengers all rushed on deck, making a great outcry, upon which the captain drove them all below again. When daylight broke, we landed by means of the boats on an island, where we remained two days without any water, when some of us went on board the ship again to get some, as also provisions. The captain left in his boat with some of the crew, and we were not disturbed by the natives for a month after he was gone; they then came over from the mainland, distant about three-quarters of a mile, and made an attack on us. Some of us had double-barrelled carbines, but we got fright-

which might have been anticipated, and brought Dr. Vries (the name of this strange person), more prominent than ever before the public. Under the instigation of his jealous contemporaries, the police some time ago made a descent upon the Black Doctor's quarters, seized his medicaments, and arrested Vries himself for the illegal practice of medicine; it being against the law for any but regular physicians, provided with a diploma in due form, to pursue in France the healing art. But an account of the prodigies performed by the Black Doctor had reached the Emperor, and orders were given to extend to the stranger authority to practise in Paris for one year. In the meantime, hoping that there might be some real merit in Vries' theory, and in order to benefit science by the development of a new discovery, the celebrated Velpeau, one of the greatest of living surgeons, has placed twelve cancer patients, at the hospital of Charity, under the treatment of the Javanese, permitting him to do as he pleases, and giving him six months to demonstrate his powers. Science thus comes to the rescue, and affords the stranger every fair opportunity to vanquish the prejudices of sceptics. Should he succeed, fortune and fame will be his; should he fail, Velpeau is the man to put him down as the vilest of impostors.

Vries does not seem to be afflicted with too much modesty. He has published an anonymous pamphlet, known to have been written under his own dictation, called the "Truth with regard to the Black Doctor," in which complacent praises of his system and himself are lavished unsparingly from beginning to end. In reply to this, M. Fauvel, one of Dr. Velpeau's pupils, has written a scorching review, entitled "The real Truth with regard to the Black Doctor," and handles that worthy without gloves. He commences by stating that Vries made his medical debut at Rio Janeiro, where he pretended to cure the yellow fever, and in a short time became so obnoxious to the population of that city that he was obliged to take a sudden departure from the country. Respecting the assertion that Vries is a regular physician, and took his degree at Leyden, Fauvel avers that such is not the fact; that Vries never studied at Leyden, nor anywhere else, and that since he has been at the Charity, the Black Doctor has shown a hundred times the grossest ignorance of medical science.

Respecting his mysterious remedies, Fauvel states that in London they consisted of nothing but aloes leaves, steeped in rum, as attested by a letter from Dr. Cooke, Surgeon of the London Cancer Hospital. At Paris the famous pills are composed of nitrate of potash and sugar, a careful analysis of them having been made by M. Reynaud, chief pharmacist of the Charity. Respecting the miraculous cure of Levy (one of the cases which has been much talked of), Fauvel declares that he visited the patient on the 2d inst., that the malady was then making its usual progress, and that eight days subsequently Levy died. Respecting the cure of Sax, the most famous case of all, commented upon by every newspaper in Paris, and celebrated by a grand banquet, the terrible and remorseless Fauvel asserts that Sax is not cured, and that certain marks remain



ANCIENT RELIC.—THE PIPE AND PISTOL OF MILES STANDISH

ened, and threw them away. The only white man left with us, after the departure of Captain Pennard, was a Greek, who, having armed himself with a cutlass, fought desperately, and killed a great many of the natives before he was overpowered. They then took all our clothing, &c., which they partly destroyed. Any valuables that they found, such as sovereigns, rings, &c., they placed in a net bag, which each man carried round his neck. A watch particularly excited their attention, as they were continually opening it to observe the reflection of their faces in the glass.

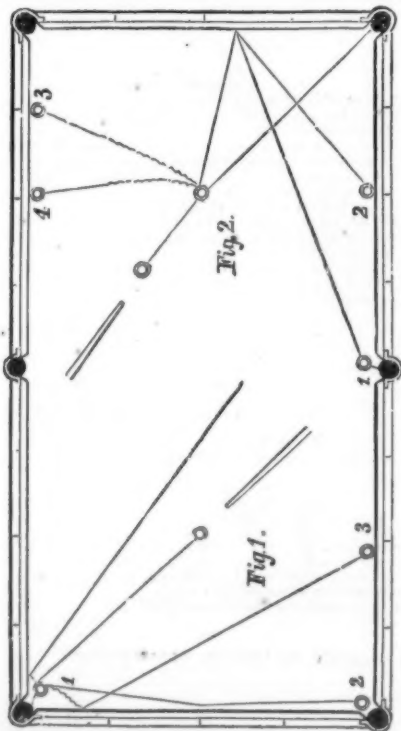
"At night we were placed in the centre of a clear piece of ground, and fires lit in several places, the natives keeping a regular watch over us, and during the day they would select four or five Chinese, and, after killing them, roast the flesh, and eat it; what was not consumed being deposited in their nets. Their mode of proceeding was as follows: The victims being decided on, they were taken out, and beaten all over (excepting the head) with a kind of club, and then dispatched by ripping the stomach open. The body was then cut up in small pieces and divided, the fingers, toes and brains being eagerly sought after; the bones were then collected, and either burnt or thrown away. I saw ten of my fellow-passengers killed in this way. On one occasion some of the Chinese took a boat which belonged to the ship, and went over to the mainland at night to get some water, but never returned, so we thought they had been killed. Every day they brought us cocoa-nuts or some wild roots to eat, and appeared to be quite friendly with us. This state of things continued until I was taken off the island.

"When I left there were only four Chinese and the Greek alive, all the rest having been killed. I saw these five the day the steamer came in sight, but when the natives saw the boats coming on shore they took them to the mountains. I was sick and lame, and they would not carry me, so that I watched my opportunity and contrived to conceal myself among the rocks until the boat came on shore. They are very numerous, but do not appear to have any chiefs among them. They live on cocoa-nuts, of which there are large quantities, and a kind of yam, which they roast before eating; but, beyond a few dogs, I saw neither animals nor fowls of any kind."

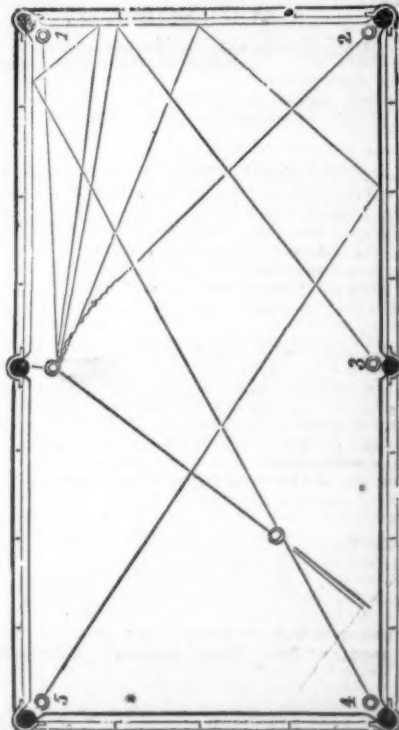
THE BLACK DOCTOR.

Of this notorious personage, brought so largely into public attention at Paris of late, the excellent correspondent of the *New York Express* in that city, has the following interesting particulars:

"There is still a good bit of talk about the 'Black Doctor,' of whom I made some mention in a previous letter. His apparent success in curing Sax of a malignant cancer, together with the persecution and scorn of Paris physicians generally, have had the effect



EFFECT OF THE SIDE STROKE AND TWIST CONTINUED



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE SIDE STROKE.

of the disease, liable to again break out at any time. In London, Dr. Cooke confided six patients to the Black Doctor's care, all of whom died, and at the hospital of Saint Louis, in this city, Dr. Bazin permitted him to experiment during an entire year, not a single case having been cured at the end of that time. Of the twelve cancer patients now under Vries' charge at the Charity, two state that they are better, though the tumors have increased; three have neither improved nor grown worse; six are worse, and one is dead.

"Vries seems determined to make hay while the sun shines. I have been informed by competent authority that his private practice is worth fully 600,000 francs, or \$120,000 per annum—and this is, if anything, beneath the real amount. Sax paid fees to the amount of \$10,000 for his treatment. The Black Doctor, before undertaking a case, stipulates that, in the event of a cure, he is to receive 40,000 francs, and 10,000 francs to make the attempt, whether successful or not. At this rate there appears to be rather a slender chance for the majority of people afflicted with cancer."

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

WITH nimble fingers the compositor picks out of case the little letter after letter, the atoms that are thrown together while we are all sleeping to fill up the great ocean of the journals that come rolling with unerring tide up to our breakfast table in the morning. Night after night his quick eye and ready hand are at work, emulating the gigantic steam machine that stamps it all, thousands upon thousands, in a few hours, and sends it forth. You go to the office—wonder and admire. But he is a very provoking fellow sometimes, that compositor! He is as much a machine as all that great heap of beams and rods of iron; he sees nothing spiritual in the printing press; he does not know that he is part of the chain through which the galvanic spark of thought flies from man to man—from London to the poles. He sets up Humboldt's "Cosmos" without knowing a word that is in it, and when the nimble fingers do make a slip, and get hold of the wrong letter, what wild havoc he makes of creation. Gods become dogs, and the United States the United States; heart is transformed into heat, house into mouse, coat into ear, by the omission, transposition or substitution of a single letter; and if you only saw the "copy" that he sometimes has to print from—the writing of the MS.—you could not find it in your heart to blame him. Try it yourselves, my masters, and see what a rare jumble you would make of it. But it is very provoking, nevertheless. We all remember the *Casket* coming out, at the advent of the cheap weekly press, as an "Organ of Literature, Science and the Arts," the Arts of course being meant, but the compositor had misplaced one piece of his mosaic. We remember some coarser, and, it was believed, intentional *errata* since. Racketeer has made my sides ache with reciting instances of similar mistakes. Amongst others, a young clergyman of his acquaintance printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work, and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work, and play loo." But I ask you whether it is not annoying to find such ridiculous errors as have just been pointed out to me in my detestable novel of "Grace Lightly," which must present me in a sometimes absurd and sometimes hateful light before the world? I thought I had corrected the proof-sheets with all care, but Mrs. Pickles, who has for the first time looked into that most unfortunate work, suddenly exclaims:

"Well, no wonder Mrs. Potter sent her copy back unread beyond page 20!"

"Why, my dear?" I inquire. "I am sure I thought it at the time very ungracious. What could have been the reason?"

"Reason, indeed! Reason enough, I think! Here's a pretty sentiment to go forth to the world, 'Drunkenness is jolly.' A very pretty thing for a married man to say!"

"My dear," I exclaim, terribly shocked, "such a sentence as that—so foreign to my sentiments—so contrary—"

"Ah, I don't know, Mr. Pickles, there it is in black and white."

"So it is, sure enough. I rush to my MS.—that unfortunate MS. which has been locked up out of sight these many long days."

"See, see!" I come back, triumphantly. "It is 'drunkenness is jolly,' plain enough in the copy."

"Not so very plain, Mr. Pickles; but, if you did mean that, why didn't you write it so that they could read it?"

"Ah! why didn't I? Why won't people write plainly when they intend what they are writing to be printed, or even read? Here was a pretty sentence to stand father to through a *fauz pas* of the pen!"

"Well, this Claude Mortimer Plantagenet seems to be just such another as yourself," continues Mrs. Pickles; "can't bear to have his children about him, poor little things!"

"Bless my soul! He is just the contrary character, my dear."

"Well, I don't know. Here he says, distinctly enough, 'I hate my children round me.'"

"What, what? Oh, these villainous printers! It should have been, 'I have my children round me.'"

Mrs. Pickles resumed her reading.

"Gracious! is the man mad?" she cried, looking up.

"What man mad?" inquired Pickles.

"Why, you, sir—you, sir!" was the reply.

"Here's a pretty insult to your readers. 'I have written this work for their asses, for the public, for those who dignify and adorn society.' Now, Pickles, can you wonder that the editors were so down upon you, when you were so personal in your remarks?"

"My dear Mrs. P.," said Pickles, the perspiration rolling down his face, "it's a misprint; I wrote the masses."

"And then, again, 'Empty as the mind'—that is meant for his wife's mind, of course," says Mrs. Pickles (those eyes are so sharp to-night), with cutting irony.

"Lege wind!" I cry, distracted. "Oh, no wonder the book was ruined, with such opinions of the press to begin with, and such errors of the press to end with."

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

THE *Illustrated News of the World* contains the following highly amusing scene, which occurred in Hornsey Church some few weeks ago. The Jupiter Olympus was a clergyman named Hervey, and rather fond of bullying dissenters. The moral to be derived is that lovers ought to rehearse before they perform the part of Benedict for the first time:

Dramatis Personæ.—The Vicar; Bridegroom, a young man who attends a Congregational chapel; Bride, a young woman, ditto, ditto; Best man; Bridesmaid, spectators, &c.

Vicar—"Wilt thou have this woman, &c.?"

Bridegroom—Hesitates and looks at vicar, as if waiting to be told what to say.

Vicar—(in a sharp tone)—"Answer me."

Bridegroom—(with a nod)—"Yes, sir."

Vicar—(very sharply)—"Say 'I will.'"

Bridegroom—"I will."

The bridegroom now sees his mistake, seems confused—so much so that when he next has to repeat part of the service, he finds it difficult to speak. This confusion the vicar construes into levity, and forthwith begins to lecture him as follows:

Vicar (mentioning the bridegroom's name)—"I will not suffer such profanity. Do you hear that? This is the most solemn act of your life. And don't you know you are in God's house? Levity here is the worst of sins. I am not accustomed to such things here, and if you can't proceed in a proper manner I'll close the book, stop the ceremony, and you shall go out of the church. Will you behave properly?"

Bridegroom (with a look of astonishment)—"I was not laughing, sir."

Vicar—"I say you were; and again I say, if you don't promise to behave better I'll stop the ceremony."

Bridegroom—"I won't laugh, sir; I didn't laugh, sir."

Vicar—"You did; and now will you behave properly? Will you?"

Bridegroom—"Yes, sir, I—I—I—"

Vicar stops him; bride looks imploringly, and presently the vicar proceeds with the service; but, throughout his tone is sharp, and once more during it he refers to the bridegroom's (so called) profanity. At the close he gives another lecture on the subject, and says that had the bridegroom been the richest man in the village, he should have treated him just the same. He never would allow

profanity in his church. During this speech the bridegroom still insists on his innocence.

The vicar, tired of talking to him, now proceeds towards the vestry, and says to the wedding party, "Follow me," which they do, looking very much injured and annoyed.

The wedding party consisted of only four persons. Several spectators were near enough to notice every look as well as every word, and all agree that there was nothing whatever inconsistent in the bridegroom's demeanor, and that the vicar's censure was alike uncalled for and unjustifiable.

A MEMORIAL OF BURNS.

How he was Esteemed at the Time of his Death.

THE following will be interesting at the present moment. It is copied from the *Glasgow Courier* of Tuesday, 26th of July, 1796:

"On the 21st inst. died, at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humor, by the warmth and tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigor and the versatility of a mind guided only by the lights of nature and the inspiration of genius. The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered him useless to himself and family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow, with five infant children, and the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband."

"A subscription for the widow and children of poor Burns is immediately to be set on foot, and there is little doubt of its being an ample one."

"FUNERAL OF ROBERT BURNS.

"Actuated by the regard which is due to the shade of such a genius, his remains were interred on Monday last, the 25th July, with military honors and every suitable respect. The corpse having been previously conveyed to the Town-hall of Dumfries, remained there till the following ceremony took place: The military there, consisting of the Cinque Port Cavalry, and the Angus-shire Fencibles, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides to the burial ground. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers, of which he was a member—in uniform, with sash and sword, supported the bier; a party of that corps, appointed to perform the military obsequies, moving in slow, solemn time to the 'Dead March in Saul,' which was played by the military band—preceded in mournful array with arms reversed. The principal part of the inhabitants and neighborhood, with a number of particular friends of the bard, from remote parts, followed in procession; the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals. Arrived at the churchyard gate, the funeral party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their firelocks, pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried. The party drew up alongside the grave, and, after the interment, fired three volleys over it. The whole ceremony presented a solemn, grand and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general regret for the loss of a man whose like we shall scarce see again."

"EPITAPH.

"Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,
Which once a vital spark from Heaven inspired;
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.
While beams that splendid orb which lights the sphere—
While mountain streams descend to swell the main—
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years—
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain!"

Dancers on Hire.—From the letter of a sprightly Parisian correspondent we have the following:

"In order to remedy the difficulty, viz., the paucity of dancers at Parisian evening reunions—a circumstance complained of in all ranks of society who have this winter given so-called balls—I must inform you that an inventive genius has started here a new sort of industry. He has established (in the rue de la Jussienne) an institute of young dancers to let. Permit me to explain. The preoccupations of the times, the race for position, the Boursois, the thirst for wealth, and other similar causes, have created among young gentlemen, it appears, a distaste for quadrilles and waltzes, which has at last arrived at such a pass that the fair sex find it extremely difficult to obtain partners. In order to prevent the ball oftentimes from being 'broke,' or at least the music from playing to an empty floor, our Parisian belles are obliged to dance with the schoolboys specially invited by the lady of the house, who knows that, in case of absolute necessity, they may thus be rendered serviceable. The first question, therefore, propounded by a lady, when a gentleman acquaintance requests permission to present one of his friends, is, 'Does he dance?' The salutary qualifications of the unknown are of more importance than his name, fortune, position, and all the rest."

"In view of this deplorable state of things, a well-known dancing master (the inventive genius above mentioned), has hit upon his original idea of an institute, fully supplied with eligible dancers, ready at all times to be hired out on advantageous terms. The establishment of the rue de la Jussienne furnishes, by the hour or by the night, young people of from twenty to twenty-eight years of age, well behaved, unexpectably attired, bent upon nothing but dancing—and eating. Most of these cavaliers are clerks in dry goods shops about town, who, being accustomed to bend constantly over the counter and address persuasive observations to numerous feminine visitors, are destitute of that shyness and modesty so baneful to the ballroom. They know how to compliment ladies upon their dress, which is enough to win a reputation for amiability and wit. The institute clothes these young gentlemen elegantly, pays for their curling, their gloves and their patent leathers, and thus prepared, they are launched, with empty stomachs, upon society. They only cost a Napoleon a head, and a dozen sufficient to animate a large evening party."

"A short time ago the proprietor of this truly beneficial institution hired out a hundred and thirty of his disciples to different soirées. Madame R., of the Faubourg Saint Germain, engaged thirty; twelve light-haired, twelve dark-haired, and six bald-headed ones. The latter cost forty francs each, being dearer on account of their rarity and the telling nature of their appearance. They are instructed to adopt an air of stiffness and solemnity, and pass very well for young judges or magistrates, full of future promise, who have become bald in consequence of too great a devotion to their books and a superabundance of the midnight oil."

Portrait of Walter Scott.—He was a little above the middle size, slender but not emaciated; lean and strict for the contest, but full of vigor tempered by nervous irritability; spare, but energetic. His shape was handsome, and his hands remarkable for their approach to sculptural perfection. His countenance was pale and thin; but lighted up with poetical intelligence. The chin was of that fine mould which usually denotes sensibility, not blunted by the animal passions of our nature. The eye came forward, and was somewhat conical in form; its color was a peculiar blue, the blue of night rather than of day. The brows were ample, and they projected over the outlook of eyes. His forehead retired, without sinking, under a loose and copious mass of brown-black hair, which it was his way to toss about his temples with a degree of carelessness, perhaps not unimpaired of effect. His head was not very large, especially behind. But the most noticeable feature of all was his exquisitely chiselled lips. The lower was full and round; the upper waved; and in later years it seemed to curl with something not unlike the shadow of disdain. There was an air about him which forbade the too near approach of any other man. There was a singular unearthliness and spirituality, in fine, in the total expression of his physiognomy. It was the suitable apparel of so purged and exalted a spirit.—*Dr. Brown.*

A German Fable.—On a sultry, hot summer day, an honest old man was ploughing his own field, when suddenly, under the shade of an oak, he beheld a god-like figure approaching him. The man started back.

"I am Solomon," said the phantom, in a confiding voice. "What art thou doing here, old man?"

"If thou art Solomon," was the reply, "how canst thou ask me? When I was a youth thou didst send me to the ant. I saw its method of living, and it taught me to be diligent, industrious and persevering, and gather the superfluous for a stormy day. What I then learnt I still continue to do."

"Thou hast studied thy lesson but half," replied the spirit; "go once more to the ant, and learn of it also how to find rest and quiet in the winter of thy years, and how to enjoy that which thou hast hoarded up."

Spiffelknicker.—Our own Spiffelknicker is responsible for the following: A very boorish Yankee, in conversation with a newly-imported Englishman, took occasion to animadvert severely upon the character of Britons, and said that the difference between an Englishman and a brute was so small as to be scarcely perceptible.

"Pardon me," said the son of Albion; "the contrast between brutish and British is a marked one—it is the difference between a brute and I!"

Japanese Segacity.—It is related by a recent traveller that the Japanese have two styles of character for epistolary writing, and that one only is permitted to be learned by women, while the other is used entirely by men. The object of this is to prevent the women from prying into the business or other matters of their husbands.

Con. by a Shakespearean Scholar.—Why would the King in "Hamlet" have been a much better fellow if he had been a commoner instead of King of Denmark? Because his offence was rank.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

The Atomic Theory.—Little minds appreciate little minds the best.

Comparative Anatomy.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.

The Lily of the Nile.

You know that great white lily—
That stately cup of creamy snow—
That rears an alabaster lamp,
With broad green blades below?

Madge has, within her chamber,
This scion of Nilotic race,
To typify the purity
That reigns about the place.

One day, a bud, fresh opened,
Shone out, a flower, full blown and fair,
And Madge—it was a way of hers—
Bent down and kissed it there.

Her ripe, red lips touched softly
Upon the cup of creamy snow—
O! would that I a lily were,
That Madge might kiss me so!

—George Arnold.

The *Boston Post*, which now and then gets off a good thing, recommends "The Romance of the Ring, and other Poems, by Mr. Mack," to the consideration of Messrs. Morrillsey and Heenan.

By what an outrageous quibble has the name of William Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:

"Oh, sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button holes?"

Anecdotes of Robert Hall.—Having to preach at some village, Robert Hall got out of his gig at a small public-house not far from the chapel. He was seen entering it by one of the deacons, a very religious man, who, thinking such an act the height of sin, followed him into the house to rebuke him for his conduct. He found the preacher sitting on a chair with a pipe in his mouth; who, surmising that the good man, for whom he had much respect, was about to lecture him, prevented him from doing so by instantly saying to him, "My dear friend, we cannot be sufficiently thankful to God for these small public-houses." He then resumed his smoking, much to the discomfiture of the deacon, who made a speedy exit.

A professional gentleman at Bath, who had been all his life a dissipated man, suddenly became religious, and connected himself with the Baptist chapel of that city. The convert, after a little time, became exceedingly troublesome, and soon caused a division in the church. Mr. Hall was very much annoyed at the circumstance, and in telling Mr. Jay of it, spoke in terms of great acrimony of the conduct of this individual, when Mr. Jay suddenly replied, "I liked him much better before his conversion;" an observation which so tickled Hall's fancy that he forgot the grievance in a loud laugh.

The Treasure-Seeker.

BY GÖTHE (TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR ATYOUN).

Many weary days I suffered,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessing—
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last to dig a treasure
Forth I went into the wood;

"Fiend, my soul is thine for ever!"
And I signed the scroll with blood.
Then I drew the magic circles,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Placed the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire,
And I sought the buried metal
With a spell of mickle might—
Sought it as my master taught me;
Black and stormy was the night.

And I saw a light appearing
In the distance like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar;
Came it flashing, swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,
As he stepped into the circle
With the radiance that he brought.
And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought "It cannot be
That this boy should be the bearer
Of the demon's gift to me."

"Taste the draught of pure existence,
Sparkling in this golden urn,
And no more with baleful magic
Shalt thou hitherward return.
Do not seek for treasures longer,
Let thy future spell-words be—
Days of labor, nights of resting;
So shall peace return to thee."

"Gold! the 'Ead.'"—John Saxo furnishes the following to the *Boston Post*:

"I wrote you, a few weeks ago, about several sorts of travellers, and suggested that the subject was a very large one—large enough, indeed, to form the staple of a good-sized volume. I haven't to write the book at present, but I must give you a sketch, at least, of another traveller—one whom I often fall in with, and always fall out with—an intolerably selfish person, who, I regret to say, is a woman. I find her in almost every car I enter—on every route—sitting a seat or two from the front of the carriage, with the window open—impervious alike to wind or weather, and bearding Boreas in his stormiest habit, as if he were Zephyrus at her summer gambols. She is not an invalid, my dear Post—she is not a fat woman, and so disposed, like Falstaff, to 'continual dissolution and thaw'; no, she is simply a devotee to a pet theory on the subject of ventilation. Having learned that our ancestors were sometimes careless, and indeed rather ignorant, touching the proportions of oxygen and carbon that they were wont to breathe—whereby, for scientific reasons, they ought to have died (though they didn't) at an early period of their existence—and being herself thoroughly read-up in this most vital matter, she goes forth in pursuit of fresh air, at all hazards of herself and others. I don't think, however, she is in any special danger. The woman is, beyond all her sex, fearfully and wonderfully made. She seems always battling a congenital tendency to asphyxia or spontaneous combustion, I don't know which. Whether anything could cool her to a permanently comfortable frigidity, is a doubt. At any rate, there she sits—or, rather, there she sat last night."

"Methinks I see her now,
With the terrible North-easter
A-blowing on her brow."

It was the fierce, chill wind of the prairies at midnight. Weary with many miles of travel, and heavy with long watching, I at last fell asleep. I awoke at daybreak from a wretched torpor that was more the work of Boreas than of newspapers, and discovered that I was nearly speechless with an influenza. The woman was gone; the window was still open, and a damp gale was rushing upon myself and companion at the rate of a thousand yards a minute! I do not approve of profane swearing. I regard the practice as at once ungentlemanly and immoral. I did not swear on this occasion. At least, I gave no voice to my mental maledictions; but I uttered something like an "Amen!" to the emphatic words of my travelling companion, who, on discovering that the woman's perversity had made him thoroughly sick with a cold in the head, exclaimed, with such obstructed articulation as his distemper permitted—"Dod dab eddy bad or wobad (any man or woman) who leaves a widow (leaves a window) open on such a night as dis!"

Faith.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'erakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

—Fanny Kemble.

Small Talk.—But of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the brain gaudy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are who will go on from fifteen to fourscore, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wonder where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet? The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think, "It is high time, if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.—*E. P. Whipple.*

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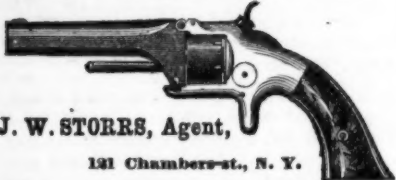
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